

# CHATELAINE

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN JUNE 1951 — 15 CENTS

Beginning . . . Murder in Muskoka

I Still Hate My Stepmother

Portrait of Queen Mary

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING





## "Thanks for everything, Mother"

The young bride with the gleaming ring and the shining eyes knows how much she owes to her parents . . . how much she owes to her mother's care and guidance that has trained and helped her through the years up to the most important day in her life.

Yes, the Canadian woman whose good influence is reflected in the sound character of her children may well be proud of the job she is doing.

For, as the "heart of her home", she is setting a good example, and training her children in sound thinking, straight dealing and good citizenship . . . qualities that, through her children and her children's children, will benefit Canada both now and in the future.

*The influence of the Canadian woman also extends to the food business where her good buying standards are a challenge to every manufacturer. That is why Weston's are proud that Weston's Breads, Biscuits, Cakes, Candies and other food products have been such consistent favorites with Canadian women for over 65 years.*

*"Always buy the best—buy Weston's"*

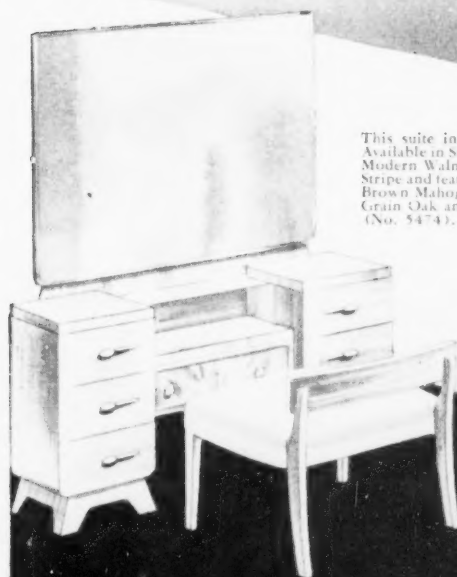
**Weston's**

**GEORGE WESTON LIMITED...CANADA**





This suite includes the vanity shown at left. Available in Stripe and Butt Walnut as shown, in Modern Walnut or Heather Grey (No. 5472), Stripe and leather-match Mahogany with Russet Brown Mahogany finish (No. 5473), or Comb Grain Oak and Ash Butt in Tawny Oak finish (No. 5474).



## Enhance your home WITH HOMEWOOD MODERN

Strikingly modern . . . perfectly proportioned . . . this HOMEWOOD Modern Bedroom Suite is a revelation in restful beauty. All six pieces reflect the glowing warmth of rich stripe veneer with centre panels adding a perfect note of charming contrast. Polished brass hardware provides handsome pulls for the extra roomy drawers. Large tilting mirrors of the finest plate glass create a welcome illusion of extra space . . . extra light and life.

The suite to the right is another HOMEWOOD ensemble designed to give your home a look of quiet beauty, colour and warmth. Superbly crafted from the finest woods in the exciting new colour tones of Modern Walnut or Heather Grey Walnut (No. 5465), Coral Tan Birdseye Maple (No. 5466), and Tawny Oak (No. 5467) finishes.



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HANOVER ONTARIO  
Makers of Homewood Bedroom, Diningroom and Livingroom Furniture and the LANE Cedar Hope Chest

For Canadians of discriminating taste but modest means, HOMEWOOD Furniture is sold at better stores from coast to coast in outstanding period and modern styles.

WHY SO MANY WOMEN ALWAYS USE

# Listerine Antiseptic

AS A PART OF  
THEIR REGULAR SHAMPOO



The "Bottle Bacillus"  
(PITYROSPORUM OVALE)



Like you, they hate dandruff on other people... even worse on themselves. They don't ever want it to get a head-start. That's why many thousands of women, and men, too, take this simple, completely delightful, efficient precaution against dandruff. You, too, should make it a "must" every time you wash your hair... no matter whether you use soap and water, or any other kind of shampoo!

#### Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

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#### As A Treatment

If dandruff has gotten a start... if you note flakes, scales, or annoying itching, don't delay! Get started with Listerine Antiseptic immediately. It's sim-

ple! It's easy! Night and morning, just douse germ-killing Listerine Antiseptic on your scalp. Massage vigorously. You'll be delighted to see how quickly loose flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching is allayed, too, and your scalp feels so fresh, so cool, so clean, so comfortable!

#### Proof!

In clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

At the first sign of dandruff... or, better yet, as a delightful precaution... use Listerine Antiseptic. For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO.  
(Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ontario



It's a Precaution and Treatment for **DANDRUFF**

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

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# HONESTY

## AND HIGH PRICES

High prices are the biggest headache in Canada today. It used to be Housing; then fear of the next war. Now it's that nagging worry which comes with each grocery bill. Three cents more here, a nickel more there—and where's the pay cheque gone?

As we grapple with the household bills, most women are asking questions. Who's getting the profits? Who's causing inflation?

For answer, we blame the vague group—"They." This pronoun represents Ottawa, the middleman, the greedy capitalist, or highly organized labor—depending on our point of view.

In blaming "They"—we usually end with another question: What are THEY going to do about it?

During our work with price control Canadian women learned something about inflation. We realized that prices go up when there is too much money for too few goods.

Today we say we haven't enough money—let alone too much. Yet hard facts indicate that we are having a fantastic increase in money in the course of a very few years.

In 1939 there was \$242 circulating in Canada for each person.

In 1949 there was \$594 for each person.

The main trouble is that we're not producing more goods on which to spend it.

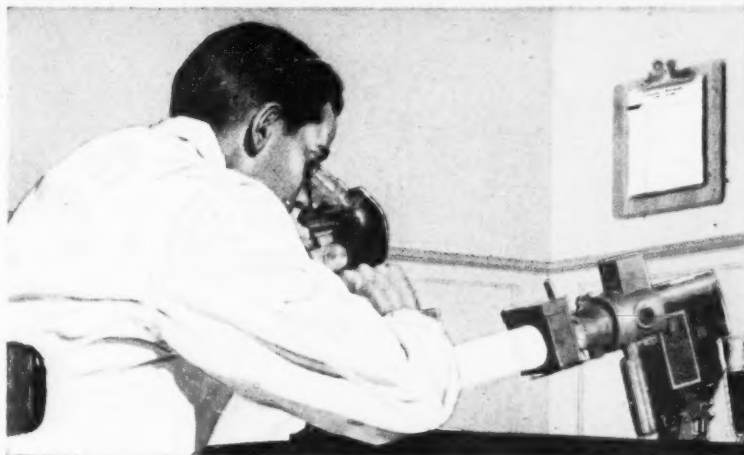
For one thing we are gearing our economy more and more to the rearmament program. For another the cost of producing certain items has increased so much that production is actually down. On top of that, all we can think of is earning more money to help pay for the goods we want. So we complain to our husbands and urge them to go after increased pay. Pressure groups all across the country carry that demand to employers. Costs go up. Prices go up. Our headaches in trying to run our homes economically get worse.

Well, we say, what are "They" going to do about it?

There's nothing very much that they can do. The financial structure of a country is an extremely complex and difficult one to handle. Unless the forces which are controlling the availability of money are very careful, we may run into another depression. It doesn't look as if there's much chance for price control as we knew it before. I believe that those who were associated with it then are the last who want to see it brought back again. We knew its cost and its weaknesses.

Looks as if each of us has to struggle with the problem alone. There's no use blaming "Them." Whether we realize it or not, we have more money and we're spending it on the highest standard of living we've ever known. As we moan about high prices, let's be honest, too.

Byrne Hope Sanders.



**A**NEMIA affects hundreds of thousands of people, both young and old, in our country today. Fortunately, medical science has accomplished wonders in treating certain types of this disease.

Anemia caused by a deficiency of iron can be easily cured. This is usually accomplished by taking medicine containing concentrated iron which the doctor prescribes. Foods such as lean meat, eggs, and green, leafy vegetables are rich in iron and should be included in the diet.

### What medical science is doing...

The control of pernicious anemia is one of the great triumphs of modern medicine. Less than twenty-five years ago, victims of this disease generally lived only two and one-half years from the time the condition was diagnosed.

In 1926, however, a substance was found in liver that usually would do much to control pernicious anemia. Today, as a result of this discovery, the thousands of

people in Canada with this disease are able to live nearly normal lives.

Continuing research has developed other effective weapons against this disease—for example, vitamin B-12. This vitamin controls pernicious anemia as effectively as liver extract.

Authorities say that there are many different types of anemia, each of which has a specific cause. Various dietary deficiencies, defects in the functions of the organs that manufacture blood corpuscles, exposure to toxic substances, and certain underlying chronic conditions or infections may be responsible for it.

### What you can do...

Anemia may develop gradually. Often the first symptoms—such as fatigue, weakness, and nervousness—may not seem serious enough to demand medical attention.

If these symptoms persist, however, they should receive proper medical attention. Specialists say that it is unwise to resort to any form of self-treatment. They emphasize that anemia can be cured or controlled only when the exact cause of the disease is determined and appropriate treatment is given.

The strength and vitality of every part of the body depend upon an adequate supply of normal, healthy blood. That is why it is wise for everyone to consult the doctor promptly if anemia is suspected. If the disease is diagnosed early, patients can usually be restored to normal good health, providing they follow the doctor's advice about treatment, diet, and other factors.



**Normal blood** looks like this through a microscope. The red cells contain a proper amount of coloring matter, or hemoglobin, a substance necessary for the transportation of oxygen throughout the body.



**Anemic blood**, from a victim of nutritional or iron-deficiency anemia, looks like this. The red cells are reduced in number, and are pale in colour because they lack sufficient hemoglobin.







#### WANT A TIP?

*You will—when this cheese sauce tops the asparagus!*

##### Make it this easy way:

|                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 3 tbsps. Allsweet | Dash pepper         |
| 2 tbsps. flour    | 1½ cups milk        |
| ½ tsp. salt       | ½ cup grated cheese |

Melt Allsweet; stir in flour, seasonings. Stir in milk gradually. Stir until thickens and boils. When thick add grated cheese. Spread on asparagus.

It's a delicious way to serve a delicious delicacy! But you'll find *all* your vegetables are delicious when lavished with Allsweet, because *milk* makes the delicate natural flavour of this guest quality margarine. You'll prefer Allsweet for all your baking, too—and it's a favourite spread for hot breads and toast! Ask for Allsweet today. Swift Canadian Co. Limited.

Allsweet has been awarded the  
Gold Medal for Quality  
at the 1954 World Fair  
in Brussels, Belgium.  
It is the only margarine  
to have won this honor  
twice.



# MILK makes the flavour!

## THREE WORLDS

BY I. NORMAN SMITH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE OTTAWA JOURNAL

*If you slept last night in a gutter, could your heart ignore a Communist promise?*

Wendell Willkie flew around the globe in 1942 and proclaimed in his famous book that we live in One World. I think if he were alive today he would conclude that there is not one world now, but three.

There is what we carelessly call the democratic world—the luckier countries. There is the Communist-controlled empire with Moscow at its heart. And there is a mixed lot of countries so desperate from poverty and so fatigued by conflict that they'll take whatever offers most.

Even if the fighting in Korea ends in anything we can call victory, the Communist imperialists will simply move their guns and propaganda to another soft spot in South and Southeast Asia, where 570 million people have so little to eat that we'd call it starvation. And no military victory, no branding of aggression by the United Nations, will put food in the empty rice bowls of hungry Asians or give them work and hope and a place in the sun.

So those Asians may listen to Communist promises, as did the Chinese. And so would you.

If you had slept last night in a gutter in Calcutta; or if your family were all jammed into a refugee camp in Karachi so that your stomachs were sick from stench; or if your husband was stricken with malaria or tuberculosis and there was neither doctor nor medicine nor bed; or if half the people in your province had died of famine; or if none of your acquaintances, not one, had a job paying more than \$10 a month; or if only a few children in your community went to school and only one in 10 adults could read and write . . . would you close your ears and heart to a Communist promise?

Neither will the people of India or Japan or China, or Indo-China or Burma, or Indonesia or Pakistan or Tibet.

These millions make up a quarter of the world but have perhaps a fortieth of its wealth and welfare. Is it really our belief that by spending millions of dollars for defense and billions for atom bombs we can keep them quiet and patient and anti-Communist?

It seems to me we are conscious only of Communist Russia's imperialistic designs on the world. We forget that she can accomplish these designs only by exploiting the impoverished condition of a great part of the world.

It seems to me that we, the well off, must accept a great responsibility for that benighted part of the world. We didn't cause it or design it, but we've not done much about it, either in Samaritanism or for our own self-preservation.

I had read all about the poverty of the East before I recently made a first trip to Asia. But to see the poverty and feel it and smell it is something else. No one has ever called me a Leftist. On the contrary. But I say frankly I came back from the East wondering what it is that is going to keep that part of the world from falling for the Communist line.



When Yousuf Karsh photographed his friend I. Norman Smith for *Chatelaine*, he fittingly included Smith's pencil and notebook, for the Ottawa editor-reporter has been ably plying these tools of his trade for 23 of his 42 years. Last fall Norman Smith went as a Canadian delegate to the Institute of Pacific Relations conference in Lucknow, India, which experience produced the thought-provoking article beginning on the opposite page.

In Paki-stan one person's entire clothing allowance is nine yards of cotton cloth a year—enough for two Eastern style garments, and Pakistan is cold in winter and extremely hot in summer. In India a man's diet frequently averages no more than nine ounces of cereals a day; no meat, no anything else. A drop in rice supplies caused a famine which in the Indian province of Bengal alone took more than a million lives. Consider that in terms of Canada.

Yet despite poverty and sickness the Eastern populations grow by 20,000 every day. By 1970 South and Southeast Asia will be 720 not 570 million—another 150 million mouths to feed, or the population of the United States.

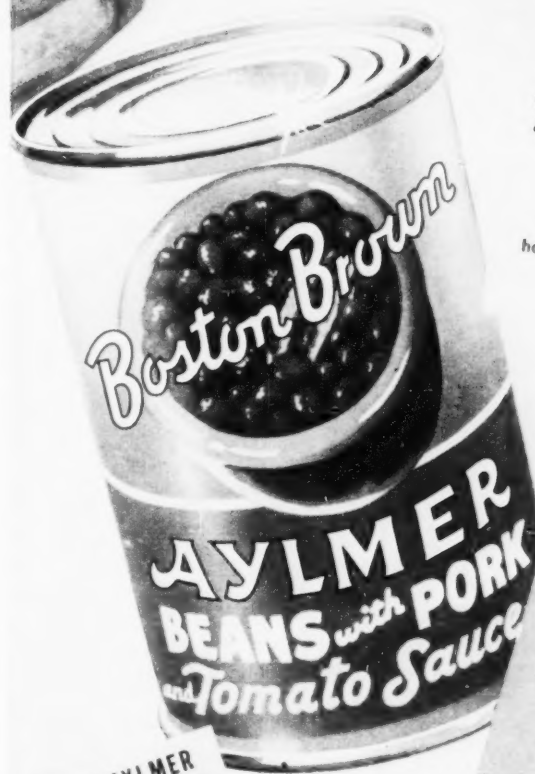
"Sickness"—it is too mild a word for the human tragedy the East has to bear. In India the death rate is more than twice that of Canada; 200,000 mothers die in childbirth every year and 2 million people die of malaria. There are 7,000 hospital beds for 2½ million T.B. patients, half a million of whom die annually.

I saw one of India's "hospitals" in a village just a few miles from the important university city of Lucknow. There were no streets, just mud lanes between mud huts. On the other side of an improvised fence stood a straw bed on high posts stuck in the ground of a field. A woman lay on it, obviously in pain and seemingly dying. She was "isolated," but that was the extent of her treatment.

In that village farmers tilled much as did man of the stone age. The latrines were wherever a person happened to be. The "school" was a plot of ground whereon the children sat. Cattle shared the huts, and dogs and little children ran nature-wild.

Nine out of 10 of India's 350 million + Continued on page 58

"Mmm...that  
wonderful  
Aylmer  
Boston Brown  
flavor!"



ENJOY AYLMER  
"Picnic Style"

Aylmer Boston  
Brown Beans  
with "red hots" or  
hamburgers and buns  
—dee-licious!

ENJOY AYLMER  
"Home Style"

Oven-heat Aylmer  
Boston Brown Beans  
in casserole—serve  
with Boston  
Brown bread!

ENJOY AYLMER  
"Camp Style"

Broiled sausages or  
steaks with Aylmer  
Boston Brown Beans  
and steaming cups  
of coffee!

YOUR FAMILY DESERVES  
AYLMER QUALITY!

Canadian Cannery Ltd., Hamilton Canada

# Nancy's floors were her despair 'Til she learned the proper care!



"I'm getting ashamed to have people in," Nancy told her best friend. "My floors are a sight, getting shabbier every day. How do **you** keep your floors so nice?"



"My floors were worse than yours," her friend replied. "So bad we had to spend \$200 re-finishing them. Never again. Now I protect them with Johnson's Wax. Try it!"



Nancy took her friend's advice and waxed her floors regularly with Johnson's Paste Wax. Now they look like new again and will never need costly refinishing.



**What a break for Nancy!** She learned in the nick of time that when floors are finished with genuine Johnson's Wax the finish can't wear off!



It's 10 times faster with a Johnson's Wax Beautiflor Electric Polisher! You can rent one almost anywhere. Or buy one for \$59.00.



Flatter your floors  
with the real protection  
only genuine wax can give! \*

Decide to start using Johnson's Wax today. It never pays to neglect your floors. And it costs so little to protect them from wear with the best—Johnson's Paste Wax.

You may save a few pennies with "just-as-good" waxes. But you don't get nearly the same tough protection, or the same gleaming, long lasting shine.

And today, the new Johnson's Paste Wax is better than ever! It gives an even brighter, even longer lasting shine. Now more than ever, you just can't afford to use anything but the best—Johnson's Paste Wax!

(If your floors are soiled with ground-in dirt, use Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. A dry cleaning ingredient removes the dirt as you apply the wax!)

*For lasting beauty  
and protection, insist on genuine*  
**Johnson's WAX**  
*(Paste or Liquid)*

\*For advice on any floor care problem, write to Consumer Service Dept., S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, Ontario.  
"Johnson's" is a registered trademark.





## I STILL HATE MY STEPMOTHER

*After twenty years I can't forget . . .  
perhaps, because I became a step-  
mother myself*

ANONYMOUS

MY NEW STEPSONS were scarcely home from camp when the phone rang. Brian, the youngest, ran to answer it with a joyous "I'll bet that's Spud yearnin' to hear I made the half-mile swim." Nonchalantly he listened. Then slowly, visibly, all his boyish eagerness wilted. Uncertainly he put down the receiver.

"It's for—her," he blurted to my husband, and rushed out of the room followed by his brothers.

The phone call was for me. I can't recall who it was nor what we said. All I remember—and it's still as vivid as that moment 20 years ago—is the awful realization that I had just been branded in a child's mind as everything I had dreaded in my own childhood.

I had taken two years to decide that I could face being a stepmother. It wasn't that I didn't want to share my husband nor that I didn't welcome the opportunity of making a home for his three motherless boys, then eight, 10 and 12. The trouble was I knew from bitter personal experience what it meant to have a stepmother. Remembering the unspeakably unhappy years my sisters and I had endured, how could I possibly become a stepmother myself?

The stepmother is enshrined in fairy tales as a cruel, heartless creature who delights to ill-treat children. Of course the role is overdrawn, but fairy tales are basically true. At least, I believe this one is.

Stepmothers don't beat little children any more without running foul of the law. But no laws can protect young, sensitive, lonely children from the lasting hurts of jealousy, selfishness, overzealous enthusiasm, misunderstanding or disinterest on the part of a stepmother. + *Continued on page 62*



BEGINNING A SERIAL IN THREE PARTS

BY ISABELLE HUGHES

# MURDER IN MUSKOKA

*They met to prevent her marriage — surrounding her with  
their greed and hate . . . and the horror of a nameless threat*

"Well, Myra," Jack Freemantle said, with an unpleasantly facetious grin, "where is the happy bridegroom-to-be? Aren't we going to see him this evening?"

Myra Hendricks drew a deep steadying breath. Setting her half-empty glass down on the low table beside her, she stared at the tiled floor of the loggia and thought, Here we go; it's started at last, after all this stupid conversational skirmishing about; and I suppose it's just as well to get it over.

"Colin is over at the cottage, working on his book," she answered quietly. "He'll be having lunch with us tomorrow."

Jack grunted, and then observed, with his long nose buried in his glass, "I'm. Feeling shy about receiving the felicitations of his prospective in-laws, is he? Can't say I blame him, at that."

Thelma Freemantle shifted her substantial frame uneasily, causing the glider on which she and her husband were sitting to emit a protesting squeak. Gregory Bain, sitting near the door which led to the house, gave a short nervous cough; and then there was a moment's indecisive silence.

Jack began again, "Don't suppose Colin Godfrey was much in favor of this house party, was he?"

"On the contrary," Myra said coolly, "it was his idea entirely, and he had quite a time talking me into it."

There was very little light now in the roofed-in loggia, although the sunset afterglow still brightened the island-dotted surface of Lake Joseph, whose ripples washed softly against the rocks at the foot of the broad, steeply sloping lawn. Myra stood up, and crossing to the door, reached inside and switched on the large fixture hanging from the loggia ceiling. In the sudden warm glow the members of the house party appeared to her as the actors in a stage drama: Jack Freemantle, whose shift, pinched face and almost emaciated body presented a

indicrous contrast to the studiously affable expression and broad-shouldered, upholstered magnificence of his wife, Thelma; Gregory Bain, thick-set, despondent, and prematurely bald, anxiously watched by Doris, his slight, unobtrusive wife; and Lydia Bain, 10 years younger than any of the others, whose dark eyes held a look of troubled abstraction, and whose small delicate face, framed by softly curling brown hair, was entirely devoid of the quiet animation which normally characterized it.

Returning to her chair, Myra found herself wondering what Lydia was so depressed about. Surely *she* didn't regard her second cousin's coming marriage in the light of a major financial disaster, as the other so transparently did! Thelma and her brother Gregory had always had their eye on the main chance, there was no reasonable doubt about that—and their married partners were no less mercenary in outlook; but their cousin Lydia could not have been more unlike them in that and every other respect if she had been no relation to them at all.

A slight frown appeared on Thelma's broad face, and she raised both hands to push her upswept chestnut curls a little higher on her head. She said with an affronted air, "I'm sure none of us would have come, Myra, if we'd known you didn't really want us. As a matter of fact it wasn't altogether convenient for Jack and me to come rushing up to Muskoka at a moment's notice. We'd made other plans, as it's Labor Day week end. But when we received your telegram we felt we ought to make the effort . . ."

"You know you're always welcome at Windhaven," Myra interrupted, a trifle impatiently. "It's only that I thought it would be more sensible to write to you about my engagement, as I'm going down to Toronto in a week or so. But Colin thought it would be only fair to talk the + Continued on page 74

*In one dreadful moment she knew shock,  
terror and despair. Someone in that house  
intended to kill her.*

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR CAHEN

CHATELAIN—JUNE 1951



# Apprenticeship of a Queen

BY MARION CRAWFORD ("CRAWFIE")

*for 17 years governess to the princesses*

*"Crawfie" tells how a royal bride learned to play billiards to please her husband, befriended a servant girl in trouble and charmed an entire empire*

SITTING WITH my husband in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth, I found myself thinking of the calm thoughtful face of Queen Mary, who had already taken her seat with the other members of the royal family.

What a pageant of history must have been passing before her mind's eye! Perhaps she was thinking of other royal weddings she had known—of her daughter's, of her sons', of the wedding of Princess Ena of Battenberg in Madrid long ago, when a bomb had been thrown at the Royal carriage.

But surely the most vivid picture in her mind was that of her own marriage to Prince George, Duke of York, in the Chapel Royal, on July 6, 1893.

The wedding of Princess May (as Queen Mary was then called) to the Duke of York took place three months after he had proposed to her in the garden of East Sheen Lodge, the home of his sister, the Duchess of Fife. They were busy months, with royal personages arriving from Russia, Germany, Belgium and Denmark.

What excitement there must have been at White Lodge while Princess May's wedding clothes were being designed and made! It is easy for me to picture the scene, for I have watched Queen Mary in Marlborough House working on one of the many panels of the wonderful needlepoint carpet which she made to be sold in North America to help Britain's export drive and for which the IODE in Canada has offered to raise \$100,000.

It is an entrancing sight to see her regally upright figure, sitting at her embroidery, with the many-colored silks and wools in her workbasket. She had her first lessons in sewing and embroidery from her mother at White Lodge, and she hoped that Princess Elizabeth would do the same. But, alas, Princess Elizabeth has not a natural gift for it. At the age of eight she managed, with great pains, and with encouragement from me, to produce a small linen tray cloth for "Grannie," who was greatly pleased. It was beige, with a border of weave stitch in red. After that Princess Elizabeth confined her efforts to making blotters for Queen Mary's birthday presents. She was happier at measuring and cutting cardboard than using a needle. Queen Mary was particularly delighted, and wrote to me to say so, when in later years Princess Elizabeth managed to get her Girl Guide Badge for sewing.

So we can easily imagine that the choosing and making of her wedding clothes was an enjoyable and absorbing task to the young Princess May. She was already noted for the simple elegance of her gowns, although what was called simple then would be elaborate today.

In her teens she had gone to court in a wasp-waisted gown, made from 25 yards of satin and tulle, frilled and ruffled, with full bustle and long train. Her wedding dress was of white satin, with a silver design of roses, shamrocks and thistles interwoven.

It is a remarkable historical fact that the sun usually shines on our royal brides. We expect it, and generally it happens.

For Princess Elizabeth the sun broke through the clouds on an unpromising November morning. For her parents in 1923 the April day dawned dull and wet, but as King George V wrote in his diary, "the sun actually came out as the bride entered the Abbey."

No happy couple could have wished for more glorious weather than Princess May and Prince George had on their wedding day. In fact, Queen Victoria complained that the weather was "overpoweringly hot." That was after she had arrived at the Chapel Royal, through a misunderstanding, ahead of time and had been received by an embarrassed usher instead of by an important officer of state.

London, with the streets hung with roses and may blossom, looked like one great flower garden as the bridegroom drove to St. James's Palace via Piccadilly and St. James's Street.

"At 12.30," he confided to his diary, "darling May and I were married in the Chapel Royal by the Archbishop. I am indeed lucky to have got such a charming and darling wife."

There was a great luncheon party at Buckingham Palace. Crowds surged in the Mall, and Queen Victoria appeared on the balcony to present the happy pair to them. Then the new Duchess of York, "looking sweet and young in her dress of white poplin edged with gold, and her pretty little toque with roses," drove away with her husband in an open carriage to take the train for Sandringham.

On arrival at Wolferton Station the Duke of York, in a black frock coat and his new Duchess in her delicate white dress, drove in an open carriage along the dusty road to York Cottage. The feet of the horses churned up the dust and when

*To retain this distinguished portrait of Queen Mary for framing, cut along the ruled line.*



H.R.H. QUEEN MARY  
*Painted for Chatelaine by Kenneth Forbes, R.C.A.*

Cut Along This Line

en







*When Queen Mary was married her wedding dress was of white satin with a silver design of roses, shamrocks and thistles interwoven. She was the first British princess to marry a future King of England in 300 years.*



*No ivy grows on Marlborough House, Queen Mary's home today. Her feud with ivy is war to the knife.*

*Continued from page 10*

they arrived the Duke seemed to be in white, the Duchess in black. But they were too tired and happy to notice.

One of the first things the Duchess unpacked was a small china ornament with the figures of a boy and girl, kissing. It had cost only a few pence in a bazaar but was precious; for it had come to her "with love from Georgie" years before, when she was a little girl.

Many of those happy scenes of long ago must have passed before Queen Mary's mind on the day of Princess Elizabeth's wedding. I do not think that my admiration for her was ever greater than then, when she seemed to me a living bridge between the past and the future.

Sitting there in Westminster Abbey I found it difficult to realize that the "Lilibet" whom I had first seen perched on her bed, grasping the reins on her bedpost and "driving her horses in Windsor Great Park," had grown up to be the radiant Princess walking down the aisle on the arm of her handsome husband, Prince Philip. As for Queen Mary, only she can know what that vision of youth meant to her. Like myself, she was losing a little of something she loved.

I remember that later on that grey November day when the Princess left Buckingham Palace with her husband, I did not run to the outer gates as most of the wedding guests did, to catch a last glimpse of the happy couple. Instead, I stood in the Grand Hall and watched the carriage go out under the arch to the forecourt.

As I stood there, feeling very sad with rose petals all around my feet, Queen Mary came and stood beside me. She kissed my cheek, pressed my arm and said: "Lilibet is so happy, and today has been wonderful."

The Queen of Holland, then Princess Juliana, joined us and said how proud I must be to see the Princess so happy and so much in love.

My last glimpse of Queen Mary that evening was of her regal figure sitting in her car ready to go home. As the limousine crossed the forecourt she smiled and waved to the waiting crowds.

Perhaps, when she sat once more in her own rooms in Marlborough House, she felt, as I did, both sad and happy. A new life for our beloved Princess Elizabeth had begun, as a new life had begun for the beloved Princess May 54 years before.

York Cottage, where she and the Duke of York went on their honeymoon, was to be their home for many years. Here she settled down happily with her husband in enjoyment of the quiet family life; but sometimes she must have longed to be busier than the customs of the time allowed.

In going round Sandringham + *Continued on page 55*

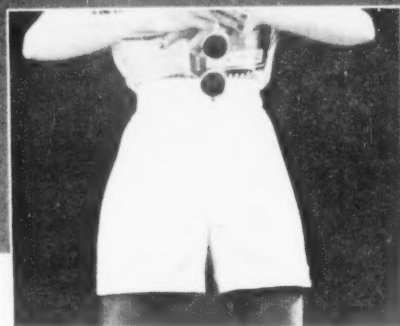


*After Princess Elizabeth was married, "Crauche" recalls watching the royal bridal couple drive away from Buckingham Palace on their honeymoon.*

*"As I stood there, feeling very sad, with rose petals all around my feet,*

*Queen Mary came and stood beside me. She kissed my cheek, pressed my arm and said: "Lilibet" is so happy, and today has been wonderful."*

**Next month: The growth to manhood of Queen Mary's two famous sons who both became kings**



Ready for summer fun . . . the shady straw, dark specs and all-over stripe sweater blouse with a collar that lifts in the breeze. Perfect topper for shorts, slacks, sporty skirts. By Leeds. Inset: This year's shorts are cuffed and very brief. These by Shamrock.

*Our cover girls go shopping for*

*S*

**UN-KISSED FASHIONS**



Swim suits this summer are slick, slim, one-piece. Body-shaped suit in cool black dappled with the gold of the sun. Beatrice Pines.





Photos by Paul Rockett, Panda

By EILEEN MORRIS  
Beauty and Fashion



*Pretty pairing that is fast becoming the year's favorite idea—a dyed-to-match cotton dress and wool cardigan.*

*Underneath the sweater, the dress front has sunburst tucking, little roll collar. Also Juniors Inc.*

*Below: The dress that spells fashion four ways. It's black . . . linen . . . a sheath . . . and features the halter neckline. Discreetly bare for sunning, it can be bolero'd in matching linen. Evelyn Alden Fashions.*



*Romantic summer twilight department: A bouffant dance dress that is short and sheer. The lightly boned bodice is softly shirred. Full blooming rose secures the floaty scarf. Ricky Formals.*

Banff or your own backyard—no matter where this summer takes you— you want some new clothes. Go shopping for air-cooled linen, cotton, sheers, chambray. Go shopping for the big fashion of the moment, the matched and matchless ensemble—dress plus stole or cape, cardigan or sheer duster. Go shopping for color—purest white or black with inset lighting (white or yellow); mauves from pink to plum; clear country blues; gunmetal grey, the toast tones. Add a string of blue beads, enough white gloves, linen pumps. And you're set for a wonderful time!

*A self-addressed, stamped envelope will bring you prices of the fashions shown this month.*





# *H*ARD LUCK GUY

*He knew better than to ask anything  
of life . . . until he met a girl  
for whom he wanted everything*

SHE WOULD never come back and it had been foolish to hope. Steve Bailey had been telling himself that for the last three Wednesdays and Saturdays. But it had not prevented him from keeping his eye on the clock. Now he was sure. But he wasn't bitter about it. She'd done that much for him anyway.

He opened the book that rested on his lap and tried to put his mind on it. Her sweet face came between him and the printed words and he could not concentrate.

There was a middle-aged man sitting on a couch nearby, looking at him. Probably wants to talk, Steve thought. This solarium was a sort of waiting room too and they all wanted to talk. Steve put his book down and returned the man's look, inviting him by the gesture. The man accepted eagerly. "Fine day," he said. "Feels like spring."

"Sure does." The man had a very pleasant face and rather tired blue eyes. Probably waiting to see his son. This could be very rough on a parent, Steve knew.

The man asked, "You a patient? You don't look very sick." Steve tapped his leg and brought out the faintly metallic



BY PEGGY NIETO SPEED

Illustrated by Jack Bush

sound that was his answer. "Oh," the man said. Steve liked it that he didn't seem embarrassed or surprised.

But there didn't seem much to say after all and Steve opened his book.

"What are your plans?"

The personal question startled Steve, but it didn't somehow annoy him. He'd learned plenty since he got there, he thought drily: patience, understanding, and that sometimes the most unlikely people needed help too. This man seemed to want reassurance of some kind. Maybe his son had got it the same way . . .

It made Steve think of himself, the way it was before he knew Phyllis. Especially that first day when he'd really talked to her. He found himself telling the man about it. What difference did it make? He'd probably never see him again, and if it could reassure him about his own boy . . . Besides he needed to talk about it to someone and this man looked sympathetic.

He had been lying on his back, trying to ease the pain in his leg. They'd tried his new leg for the first time that day

and it had been rough going. And there was the other pain, constant, ready to leap at him when he was physically weak and his defenses were down. It wasn't just his leg; he'd have plenty of time to think about that later—the rest of his life. It was gone and with his mind he accepted that, but not with his feelings, his innermost consciousness. He still thought like a man with two legs; he hadn't learned how to feel like a one-legged man. But life was never going to be the same again.

It had to happen to me, he thought, a Grade A dope, no trade, no education, who had always needed his body because he wouldn't or couldn't use his mind. He was a cripple now, a game-leg—aaah, what was the use?

The man said, "Does it worry you to talk?" His voice was kind and Steve shook his head.

"Korea?" the man asked, and Steve nodded.

He relived the few moments when he'd caught it. He saw again the Oriental face come out suddenly behind a tree, a young face, as startled and frightened as he. They'd shot almost simultaneously, a reflex action. The Oriental face disappeared. I wish he'd done + Continued on page 69

"Go on, kiss her," one of the boys shouted.





## *M*OMENT OF DECISION

*It's a part of every boy's  
growing-up, to know a girl  
like Mel. She's pretty and  
poised—but stubborn. Too  
stubborn to give up dating  
the wrong man.*

ILLUSTRATED BY CLYDE ROSS



BY VIOLET KING

In the Harlans' bathroom Jimmy Given felt along his jaw for the new fuzziness. The uneven mirror made him look sick and frightened. It raised his eyebrows and set his lips lower than they were, giving him an empty, goatish aspect.

It seemed as if his face hadn't changed for years and years. What if he lived to be old, really old, with the same bland, childish look? Say 35 or even 40 with no real five o'clock shadow, no bags under his eyes? He smiled at himself weakly.

The drum of heels along the upper hall meant Melva was on the warpath again. Her fist thumped the bathroom door. "Jimmy," she wailed, "for crying out loud, I've got a date for eight!"

He shouted back at her. "With Doc Alee?"

"No."

"Hub! That flashy macaroni from Roslin!"

It was none of his business whom Mel dated. She wasn't his sister. They weren't even related. In fact, he was in the house on sufferance, on probation.

Mel's voice rose in frustration and protest and he could hear her father's voice booming in the lower hall. He set his toothbrush in the rack and flung the door wide, flapping his towel at Mel as he passed her.

"Okay, Ben," he shouted down the stairs, "don't get your beard in a knot!"

Ben Harlan's beard was a neat Van Dyck just like his friend Judge MacPhail's. But the judge was almost bald and hunched whereas Ben was thatched with a scruffy mass of white hair, stood six feet three in his stocking feet and had shoulders like a quarter-back. Jimmy had seen him, when he worked after school and on Saturdays in the Harlan Carpenter Shop, hoist a plank of hardwood twice his length as easily as if it were a stick of kindling.

In the back bedroom that was all his own he tucked in his shirt and slicked down his brown hair. He could hear Ruby's twanging voice on the back step talking to Ben before she left for the night. She would be back in the morning with a clean apron over her arm, ready to cook and clean for them. Mrs. Harlan had died when Mel was just about the age he was now, fifteen and a half.

The bathroom door banged open and Mel rushed along the hall. When he heard her singing he sauntered to her door and knocked. Ever since he had come to Queensville three months ago, he and Mel had been friendly. She hadn't been +

*Continued on page 26*





Page Tales



*"If the seaway comes" the Widow Keck (seated) will lose her hotel.*



*"If the seaway comes" rectory will go, so Parson Thomas must patch own roof.*





Keith Fisher

# THE VILLAGE THAT LIVES IN A NIGHTMARE

By MAIDA PARLOW FRENCH AND EARLE BEATTIE

**This is Iroquois, where you don't paint your porch  
or plan a dreamhouse, because someday the St.  
Lawrence Seaway may drown all your dreams**

Half a century ago a proud little St. Lawrence River village, 40 miles southwest of Ottawa, fell under a curious hypnotic hex. While other Canadian communities joyfully bounded into the twentieth century, this one shuffled down the years with a crippling paralysis more tragic than death.

The village that lives in a nightmare is Iroquois, Ontario, a picturesque dairy, apple and linen goods centre, first settled by Empire Loyalists in 1784 and now numbering 1,009 souls. Quietly bedded down in a hollow on the shore of the St. Lawrence where the International Rapids begin their headlong descent through 100 miles of reefs to Montreal, its snug position has been its undoing.

For Iroquois lies directly in the path of the projected St. Lawrence Seaway, planned to carry ocean shipping halfway across a continent and develop vast new electric power resources. If and when the seaway goes through, giant dams will raise the river level 15 feet and Iroquois citizens will watch their 200 homes, 11 stores, two restaurants, churches, linen mill, hotel and 160-year-old cemetery drowned in a man-made lake 45 miles long.

If the dams had been built and the water came creeping in when the seaway was first mooted at the turn of the century, Iroquois would today be but a memory or a proud new town on the river's new shore. But the real tragedy of Iroquois is that for 50 years the blow has threatened yet never fallen.

For 50 years Iroquois has heard the great seaway debate rise to periodic crescendos in the Canadian Parliament and the U. S. Congress, but the debate has never been decided. Always it has been shelved—and reopened again.

On and off for 50 years apprehensive Iroquois housewives have watched government surveyors siting their transits across backyard fences and businessmen have watched narrowly as engineers in boots took soundings to measure the St. Lawrence's rate of flow. Time and again the surveyors and engineers have packed up and gone away—but always they have returned.

Iroquois could laugh at the recollection that 10 years ago the Toronto Star sent a photographer to take Iroquois' last picture, except that the seaway project has never loomed so large in the headlines as in 1951 with a new war calling urgently for more power and safer, inland seaways.

The result, for Iroquois, has been stagnation and frustration. Sagging chimneys are shored up but not rebuilt. Leaky roofs are patched but not replaced.

"People are canceling their orders for spring decorating now that the seaway is in the news again," says Ed Williamson, who operates a nursing home and does painting and papering on the side.

Continued on page 65



"If the seaway comes" defiant Byron Saver's new home will vanish.



*Jim and Ann Wilson make big money guessing*

Paul Rockett—Panda



what kind of dress you'll buy

three months before you go shopping.

They lead a hectic hotel life

and use strange talk. For instance



## HEY SAY THIS DRESS IS A RUNNER

In June, July and August this year a trimly pretty summer dress will be offered to women across Canada at \$19.95. It's in washable salyna linen and though it has a low neckline front and back its wide shoulder straps give it a becoming modesty. Its novelty lies in a row of butterflies surrounded by plastic rhinestones, running down one side.

Ever since they first saw it in the crowded, humming premises of a Montreal manufacturer last March, Jim and Ann Wilson have felt sure that No. 1195—the butterfly dress—was a "runner."

The Wilsons are a youthful man-and-wife team who sell middle-priced women's garments on commission throughout Ontario. In their language a runner means a dress that will be bought not by a mere 400 women, as are most mass-produced dresses, but by perhaps 2,000 or even 3,000.

Jim and Ann say the butterfly number sings with that extra oomph which seems to distinguish about one in 50 wholesale designs. Their conviction that it is bang on the beam of current style tastes has spread quickly in the business and as a result No. 1195 is being watched with the same kind of hopeful enthusiasm a gambler lavishes on a promising two-year-old in the starting gate. This is because in the garment trade the handsome, hustling Wilsons have a reputation for being nearly always right.

Although she is only 29 Ann Wilson, a pretty, petite and peppy blonde, standing five feet four inches and weighing 108 pounds, has delighted the Montreal dress house she represents by her faculty for picking numbers that will climb to the top of the garment-trade hit parade. Jim Wilson, a genial, bulky, convivial salesman, standing six feet two inches and weighing 200 pounds, has been quick to capitalize on his wife's perception. Still comparatively junior members of the Commercial Travelers Association of Canada they have, in less than five years, far outstripped the average "drummer" as money-makers.

Last year the Wilsons returned a fat five-figure income after paying \$6,800 rent for showrooms in expensive hotels, \$5,000 on models' fees and more on entertaining than many a family of four has to spend on everything. They rent one sample room permanently in Toronto's

### WINDSOR

Salesgirl Roberta Thornton fits butterfly dress on a mannequin in downtown window.



BY MCKENZIE PORTER

### CALGARY

An Alberta woman is shown dress No. 1195 in Calgary's Style Shop, by Cora Wise.



Lorne Burkett

### VANCOUVER

The butterflies take the air beside Burrard Inlet, as well as on Water St. in St. John's.



Continued on the next page

Portrait of a family business: The Wilsons pose with their summer line in Royal York sample room, Ann wearing the butterfly "runner."





Ann and model quick-change behind screen that hides Wilsons' stockroom, office and bedroom.

Continued from previous page

Royal York Hotel. During busy buying weeks which precede each of the year's four big buying seasons they rent two showrooms plus a bedroom between for themselves. They pay \$150 a month for a swish little apartment on Avenue Road which they see only on week ends and during slack trading periods.

When Ann Wilson puts her stamp of approval on a new number her manufacturer boosts his advance cutting order for that particular dress and store buyers up their orders. Last year the Wilsons had a phenomenal runner which sold 4,700 copies in one week in Ontario alone, giving them a 10% commission of \$4,000. The manufacturer sold 10,000 across Canada but sagely

refused orders for 8,000 more, fearing he'd have every third girl on Portage, Yonge and Water streets wearing the same dress and swearing the same oath never to buy his label again.

If a runner fails to pay off, of course, retailers and manufacturers alike may be stuck with racks of dresses that can only be dumped at cut-price sales. Should that happen the Wilsons' reputation would take a drop and with it their profits. But while Ann Wilson's selections aren't always right on the nose, she has never yet picked a "dog" trade name for a flop.

There are more than 400 dress manufacturers in Canada and they all have their travelers touring the sample-room circuits hopefully showing lines to perhaps 10,000

retailers. And every manufacturer, every traveler, is always praying for a runner.

What transpires before the crucial moment a business girl or a housewife says "I think I'll take this one," is the story of a multi-million-dollar industry employing thousands of people. But it is also the story of individuals like Jim and Ann Wilson, and individual dresses like the hopeful little butterfly frock, No. 1195.

The dress got its inspiration in Paris and its detailed outlines in New York. Early last February Christian Dior, Jacques Fath, Robert Piquet, Schiaparelli, Pierre Balmain and other Paris gods decreed that straight, well-defined lines would supplant the curving, gossamer traceries of last year. But to make sure that clothes would still remain fussy and feminine they added encrustations of embroidery and rhinestones.

American designers flying home from the Paris salons hit on a butterfly motif to give the embroidered touch to simplified versions of the ultra-high French fashions. And in New York, plastics manufacturers co-operatively produced synthetic and washable rhinestones.

The little butterfly dress that Canadian retailers were later to hook as No. 1195 first took shape in the Broadway workrooms of a house called Junior Accent. There a Canadian designer named Jeannine Berthiaume sketched it and about 50 other new models; after which she hustled her careful drawings back home to Montreal and a large building on Mayor St., in which every suite hums to the sound of sewing machines.

Here a manufacturer named Albert Genender, who holds rights to the Junior Accent line in Canada, made up samples of the 50 different dresses according to Jeannine Berthiaume's transcription of the New York translation of the gospel according to Paris. These would be the prototypes of hundreds more which would eventually pour off his Montreal machines for women all across Canada.

But how many of each could he hope to sell? How big an advance cut should he chance? Early in March he summoned his Ontario representatives, Jim and Ann Wilson, from Toronto. Ann, whose opinion Genender all but swears by, always looks the prototypes over before advance production begins.

On Tuesday, March 6, Ann Wilson personally tried on most of Genender's 50 dresses. She suggested the rejection of some and alterations to others. She and Genender debated whether one dress had the "ginger" Quebec likes, and another the tailored note needed to put it over in Ontario and the West. Genender made notes and began to get a rough idea of how many of each dress he might have to turn out.

#### The Pay-Off

When she slipped into the butterfly dress Ann said to Albert Genender, "We can place 150 of this one." The manufacturer grinned delightedly at this confirmation of his own hunch, based not a little on his recollection of a phenomenally successful suit he had once handled which + Continued on page 52



Wilson's \$150 a month flat sees them only on week ends in busy seasons. They lock themselves in and hope no out-of-town buyers will arrive. Jim and Ann used to live in Vancouver.



Jim sees his duty and gets Ann's Sunday breakfast in bed. To Ann it's a greater luxury than nightclubbing, which they do much of on business. An evening out may cost Jim \$150.



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### SOUP, SANDWICH AND DESSERT

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Iced Tea



### SOUP AND DESSERT

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and you'll always be safe!

## MOMENT OF DECISION

Continued from page 19

stand-offish, superior, as he had expected.

"Jimmy?"

"Yup."

"Okay, I'm dressed. What's biting you?"

She was brushing her light brown hair, rolling the big loose curls over her hand, her eyes searching his in the vanity mirror.

"Is Doc Alec taking you to the club dance Saturday night, Mel?"

Mel laughed evasively. "I know you! You just want me to go with Alec so you can feel closer to his kid sister. Well, I'm going with Stan, if you must know, and you can sashay after Nona on your own. Every tub on its own bottom, kid." Her eyes crinkled in laughter, but her tone was serious. He had never known anyone so sweet-tempered or so wilful as Melva Harlan.

"That fancied-up lunk!" His voice slipped a whole octave. "You know darned well Doc Alec is beating his brains out trying to get you to keep away from him, and you"—there was the shattering falsetto of this new voice—"you run around with that jerk from back of beyond. What do you know about him? Nothing!"

"Mind your language," Mel said mildly. "Girl's got to have her fling."

Jimmy kicked at the doorjamb so hard his toes stung. "Why don'tcha fling somebody besides that wooden-puss?"

Mel giggled and he didn't hear the first words she said, so swiftly did his own words stir up his memory. Nothing came clear to his mind. Something he had said himself had acted in his memory like a stick stirring a muddy pool. There was something he should remember. Mel's voice came to him through the fog of his own thoughts.

"Alec wouldn't think of taking me to The Tin Goose!"

Jimmy shook his head as if that would clear his mind. "He's got more sense. Anyway, you just want to go out with Cole because he's new and half the frills in town are after him. That's all it is!"

Mel smiled at him affectionately. "Run along, Jimmy, like a good egg, and don't bother me."

He tramped disconsolately downstairs and out onto the porch. He slumped down on the step, treating his loose-jointed angular body with the disrespect one accords an ill-fitting suit. For the hundredth time he tried to remember where he had seen Stan Cole before. For three weeks, since that first time Stan had come up the walk, rauntly as a jay, to take Mel out, he had been plagued with that mixture of intense dislike, distrust and familiarity.

He felt again that foreboding melancholy that came whenever he thought of Nona Pearson or Stan Cole. Of Stan because he was sure he had known him before coming to Queensville and anyone he had known before that was not the sort for Melva Harlan to be running around with. Of Nona because he felt fairly sure that she would go with him if he asked her to a movie or a school dance, and almost as sure she wouldn't go if she knew he was just another city

delink with a record as long as 10 minutes in a dentist's chair.

He hadn't cared about Ben and Mel knowing. They acted as if they didn't know or care. And Clegg, Chief of the Queensville Police, merely grunted at him as he passed, much as he grunted at Dave Weech or Thor Jensen or any of the fellows with whom he bowled. But he felt a stifling wave of anger and embarrassment to think Nona Pearson might someday know.

At least five times in the past three months he had almost nailed his courage high enough to allow him to walk over to the Pearsons' yard and ask Nona to go for a walk, for a soda or a movie. He could join the drugstore gang, but only if Nona was with him. That's how he wanted it to be. He wanted to walk along the wide tree-lined streets with her and talk. He lay awake nights thinking of the things they could talk about and how she would look at him from under that thick brush of dark lashes.

"Hi, Jimmy!"

Young Doc Alec was pushing the lawn mower over their wide lawn. There was perspiration on his rather long face. He waved an arm toward the snowball bush pushing its way out of a cluster of evergreens. "Every time I go to prune that thing, somebody has a baby!"

Jimmy thought of the times when he had heard Mel complain that you couldn't depend on Doc Alec for more than two minutes together. Many an evening spoiled just because someone had the indecency to fall down the stairs or catch chicken pox just as they were leaving for the theatre or a dance.

"But he's always there when you need him most," Jimmy had said.

Mel laughed. "I want him around when I don't need him, too."

Jimmy stood on the lawn making small talk with Doc Alec, knowing that he would kick himself after for not walking around the hedge and into the Pearson yard. If he did that, and Nona came out, they'd just about have to talk to each other. But he didn't walk around the hedge for he knew that, down under the urge to see her, was the thought that he could go back, might go back to his old neighborhood, the old gang, the old habits. This thought, coupled with the memory of old excitement, and mingled with these new half-pleasant, half-discomforting yearnings, created a veritable Serbian bog in his mind. He said good-night abruptly and went to the step, up to the old hammock behind the screen of morning-glories. He felt hollow in spite of the dinner he had eaten. Something old and sirupy was trickling from the radio in the front room.

Suddenly he hauled himself to his feet with the aid of the porch railing and staggered into the house like an old man. In the kitchen he laid out two pieces of bread, one white and one brown. Between them he laid an assortment of foods. When he went out on the back porch Ben looked up from his pipe-scraping.

"What've you got, kid?"

"A Dagwood. Want one?"

"Nope."

They sat in silence while the dark came down cool and damp. Funny, the way a big sandwich didn't fill the hollowness at all. The queer empty feeling seemed to have moved up to

Continued on page 30



*Hug X*



*Juggle*



*Geraldine B*

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## The Blouse and Skirt Dress

Summer is traditionally a season for separates, so why not get into the swing of things with a wardrobe of gay lively fashions that can be mixed and matched for many occasions? Start with our Simplicity blouse and skirt dresses shown here, for it's simple addition that these two and two make four. We liked them in white changed-about with coppery tan, but if navy's your summer favorite, juggle it with white, or be dramatic in cherry red and black linen . . . or a bold print teamed with plain.

**1** Left: Touch off your summer wardrobe with the tawny bronze tones that set off a tan. Easy to make and bright as a new penny are these copper-colored co-ordinates featuring a boat neckline blouse (Simplicity pattern No. 3520) keeping company with a straight skirt (Simplicity No. 3380).

**2** A rare find in summer white: a two-piece dress with a one-piece look — of double importance because it means a double wardrobe for you. Simplicity pattern No. 3516.

**3** Magic accomplished—our casual blouse assumes a dressy air and becomes a third outfit when combined with the full white skirt. Blouse: Simplicity No. 3520; skirt, 3516.

**4** Turnabout is fair play. Our twin-pocketed, cap-sleeved blouse is the perfect companion to the stem-slim skirt, and makes a fourth ensemble. Blouse: Simplicity pattern No. 3516; skirt, 3380.



*For pattern descriptions and details for ordering, see next page*

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# Elgin American

COMPACTS, CIGARETTE CASES, DRESSER SETS, LIGHTERS, PEARLS

Continued from page 26

become a distinct lump in his throat. It made him angry, restless. Why should he feel like this? He stirred impatiently on the step.

Jimmy didn't know that few men possess a settled attitude toward right and wrong, that they usually made up their minds and formed their habits only when sharp alternatives presented themselves. And yet he felt the moment of decision pressing toward him, looming vague and shapeless on the edge of his conscious mind.

"Did you know," he burst out suddenly, "that I had a gun when I blew in here?"

The white head jerked toward him but the deep voice was unperturbed. "No, son."

"I buried it behind the shop."

He knew Ben was surprised and dismayed but wouldn't show it. He said, "Better dig it up someday and fetch it home before someone finds it and gets hurt."

"Aren't you scared," Jimmy persisted, "I might gimmick the safe someday? I can, you know."

Ben laughed, making him feel small and young. "Why bother? I'll lend you some money if you want any." He stood up and just for a moment he towered over Jimmy, big and solid in the dark. "I'm not scared of losing money, son. Money comes, money goes. I'd hate to lose the best apprentice I ever had."

He went quietly indoors to bed, leaving Jimmy alone in the dark, thinking, while loneliness trickled through him devastatingly. Stuffy Benson and Eddie Yates and the fun they'd had. Stolen cars mostly. A few petty robberies. But they had been together. He didn't particularly want to steal a car and he had some money upstairs so there was no need to pull a stunt for a bit of cash. But he missed the company, missed being accepted and liked. The gang at the bowling alley accepted him, but they didn't know him very well.

Jimmy sauntered down the steps and out of the yard. He walked along the deserted street, jingling the quarters in his pocket, walked until he was tired and then turned back. He had just closed the front door after him when the green convertible drew up to the curb. Jimmy watched through the curtain on the front door while Stan Cole opened the car door for Melva and they came up to the porch together. He backed toward the stairs, feeling for the post behind him. He saw Mel avert her face before Cole could kiss her and he was glad she did that. He swallowed the sound of disgust and started up the stairs. He lay awake for a long time, trying to remember Stan Cole. The name meant nothing to him but the face did and the cool smooth voice with its careful enunciation.

All day long Saturday Jimmy worked in the shop with Ben and the other two

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### Pattern Descriptions

(see pages 28-29)

No. 3520—Blouse in sizes, 12-20, price 25 cents. No. 3380—Skirt in sizes, 24-36, price 25 cents. No. 3516—Two-piece dress in sizes, 12-20, price 35 cents.

Order from your Simplicity Pattern dealer or direct from the Pattern Department of Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



men. One of them threw a handful of shavings at him. "What's a matter with you today, Jim? Got girl-trouble?"

Jimmy shook his head, not looking up from his planing, and he felt Ben's eyes on him in cautious curiosity. After supper, when it was dark, he would dig up the gun and give it to Ben. Maybe he'd feel better if he did that. Ben was a right guy and he looked worried. Maybe if he gave the gun to Ben he'd stop thinking of the old gang. Although he'd never fired the gun once, it had always been there, the thought of it, far in the back of his mind.

On the other hand, once he had dug it up, he might bolt for it. Why stick around here, waiting for his history to spill through town? He had about \$15 in his room. He could start out on that and get what else he needed on the way.

After supper Jimmy lounged as usual on the front step, glancing now and then toward the Pearson place, wondering if Nona would come out. He jerked his legs out of the way when Stan Cole came for Melva and scowled at them as they left together. He could hear Doc Alec whistling between his teeth on the other side of the hedge. How did he feel, seeing Mel going out with that Cole? When the car had swung away from the curb Jimmy stood up and shouted toward the hedge.

"He's a no-account snobby stinker, Doc!"

Doc Alec's voice was grave. "We have much in common, Jim. Say, would you like to drive out past Mirror Lake with me? I have to make a call and I hate to see you taking root there."

"Thanks, but I got a little job to do."

Jimmy scuffed downtown, sniffing the spring-fragrant air. Mel sure had looked cute with that new silvery-white dress swirling around her ankles and the silver sandals flashing with every step. Her hair swept up and back and earrings, tiny birds poised for flight on the tips of her pink ears.

She had knitted the socks he was wearing in her lunch hour. She didn't really know what it was all about, men and stuff like that. And stubborn—Jimmy spat into the gutter—she was as stubborn as a dead mule!

He bowedled until 11 o'clock, piling up enough strikes to please himself. The fellows would go over to the drugstore for something to eat, but he wanted to get that gun dug up and give it to Ben before something happened and anyway he was expected in by 12. He knew from the look in Chief Clegg's eye he wouldn't hesitate to run him in if he found him on the streets after midnight.

The carpenter shop was on Morgan Road. He walked lightly down the alley between it and the Printing Establishment. Here, in the centre of the block, there was a stretch of hard earth, weeds and tin cans. At the end of the block was the gas station, all the lights out except a dim one in the office. Just across the weedy patch was the bank, the barber's shop and the town's biggest grocery. At the end of the block was the big hall where the dance was held. Some visiting scat band was beating out The Johnson Rag.

Jimmy stooped low and felt for a certain clump of thistles. While he was scraping the hard earth aside the big clock in the town hall let fall one metallic chime to mark the quarter-hour. He had gripped the hard butt of the gun



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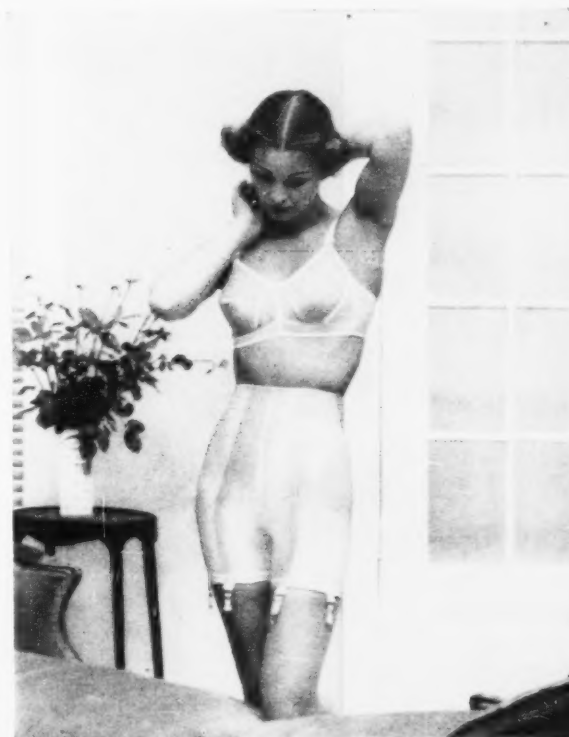
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and pulled it free when he heard a scratching sound. It came from across the way, near the bank. Carefully Jimmy inched back to the shadowed wall of the shop and waited, crouched low, listening curiously. The moon came out briefly and disappeared again. Someone ran lightly through the dark, over the thicket where he had been digging, swerving toward the bank. Jimmy lay flat, hoping the moon would stay hidden, holding his breath to listen.

Something thudded on the ground.

What the dickens was it? He strained to see through the velvety darkness. A husky voice was whispering sibilantly, "Some time I had with that alarm! Why'n't ya tell me—"

"Sh! Have you got them both?" Someone was heaving himself out of the lower window of the bank and Jimmy saw the whitish-blond head of a man bent in assistance. His eyes closed against the sharp probe of memory. Goldie Harrison's front room with the dirty wallpaper and the thick whispers

in the front hall. The look of contempt and respect on Goldie's hard face. When the whispering had stopped and the door closed, he had stood with Goldie and her husband watching through the ragged curtain the tall man walk leisurely down the mean little street. He had turned and looked back once and Goldie had said fiercely, "Old wooden-face! Pays somebody else to do his dirty work! Always keeps his hands clean but full of hot dirty money! Louse!"

"What could I do?" Goldie's husband had almost whimpered. "He's got me cornered—"

That was years ago, many years ago, before Goldie's husband had been picked up for peddling stuff. They'd shoved him off to some friend of Goldie's and they in turn had sent him to someone else. Not a bad-looking kid, quiet, kind of nervous. Somebody had always made room for him so long as he didn't make his presence felt.

The moon came out just enough for him to see Cole grasp the thickset man's arm and pull him close. His voice was low, the enunciation still carefully, menacingly correct. He'd probably picked up the habit of speaking like that from seeing too many movies, practiced it until now it came naturally.

"No funny business, Labe! Play it like I say and we'll be okay. Take the stuff out to where I showed you and then go on to Scar Hill and wait there for me."

"Yeah, I heard ya," the other man mumbled thickly.

Cole turned back to the town hall and ran fleetly. The other man waited until he had disappeared, then he picked up the two bags lying on the ground and walked in the opposite direction toward the gas station. Jimmy saw him toss the bags into the rumble seat and get into the car. With the gun still in his hand Jimmy crept along the dark walls toward the car, wondering if the man would glance in the mirror, if he might see him. The motor hummed quietly and the car moved forward. Suddenly Jimmy darted toward the rumble seat, grasped the back of it, his toes on the bumper. The gun dropped with a dull sound into the stones spread around the pumps. The car bumped down the curb and turned eastward.

Any minute now, Jimmy thought, the driver will know he's got a load on the back. Any minute a car coming up behind them would floodlight him and they'd know something was wrong. Somebody sprung the bank. Stan Cole was in on it. That handsome jerk dancing with the prettiest girl in Queensville. Doc Alec's girl. What would that do to Mel, to Ben? He hung on with all his strength, his mind tearing at the problem of what to do next.

Two cars swept past, going into Queensville. None came the other way. The miles slipped by and he strained to keep his precarious position as the car bounced over the county road, his brows knotted with effort and his lips pulled tight. Any minute something would happen and then everyone in town would know what sort of guy Cole was, what sort of fellow he was himself. If he could get his hands on those bags and get back before anyone knew! He could chuck them down the back window again and nobody need ever know just what had happened. Stranger things had happened.

When the car swung abruptly off the road Jimmy let go, falling on his hands and knees with enough force to loosen his head from his neck. He scrambled to the side of the lane and watched the red tail light wink twice as the car wound through the trees before it went out. The motor stopped and the man came to the rear of the car, hoisted the bags out of the rumble seat. He walked away with them into the dark.

There was no sound but the slight



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murmur of the trees, the hum of early insects. They must be halfway to Mirror Lake. This was one of the dozen or so side roads that led to clusters of summer cottages. The man would hide the bags here and Cole would pick them up later. If he could only see where the man had gone!

Jimmy went forward, touched the fender of the car, felt his way around it cautiously. A twig snapped under his crepe soles and he froze still. Nothing happened. There was the faint sound of scraping, an echoing sound. Planks being drawn from a well! So that was where the money was going!

Jimmy backed away from the car, stooped low. He was a scant two feet from the car when a small light picked him out. He saw the light whirl in an arc and felt it pierce the back of his head. He fell flat, then rolled, kicking wildly. The man called Lake had a slap like a horse's kick. He cuffed Jimmy twice, stunning him, then shoved a rag into his gasping mouth. Jimmy's hands were jerked behind his back and tied. A rope looped around his flying legs and pulled tight, pulled his feet up toward his wrists. He heard the man whisper, "You took a walk in the wrong direction, fella."

Jimmy went limp, cold with the perspiration of sheer panic. The rag in his mouth was oily and nauseating and his skin burned from grating over the rough ground.

The man said, "I could drop you in the lake easy, but I'll let him do that. Some things I won't do for nobody."

He took another piece of rope from the back of the car, passed it between Jimmy's arms and back and looped it around the nearest tree. He laughed softly as he stepped over Jimmy and got into the car. The red light winked jibingly until the car turned onto the road. Jimmy threw himself forward and back furiously, unmindful of the stony ground, the sharp stab of stiff little weeds at his face. When the old rope finally gave he rolled over twice, then lay still, stupid with pain. The breath was knocked out of him. He wriggled his arms and legs, but there was not much chance of his breaking that rope. It was stiff with newness, cutting his ankles so sharply his feet were numb.

What time was it? Ben expected him home. When the dance was over, Cole would come out here. No doubt the man who had tied him up would phone Cole to tell him what he had done. Cole probably wouldn't think twice about dropping him either in the lake or down the well. Ben would think he had run off. They'd find the gun at the gas station and think he had been in on the grab. They'd hunt far and wide instead of near at hand.

Jimmy heaved himself over onto his face and then onto his back. It hurt. His neck felt hot and wet. He rolled again, grunting and feeling the air dusty in his nose. Over and over toward the road.

It took him 15 minutes to reach the slight incline leading down to the stony county road. If Cole drove up he would see him first. He would have to roll across the road into the brush and wait for a car going into Queensville. The road looked wide as a 10-acre lot, but he had to make it.

Two cars passed him going toward



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### Bellaire

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Roslin or out to Scar Hill. His scalp prickled in terror as each approached and he felt limp and boneless as each passed. He rolled rapidly down the hill, turning and heaving his body as fast as he could, and then he was safe in the brush on the far side. He lay there, sweating, wishing the hammer of pain would stop beating on the back of his head. Sometimes the world rocked under him and the blackness seemed more intense, streaked with white lines and pinwheels.

He waited, looking up the road, then down, every movement a mighty effort. Another car passed on its way to Roslin. Then another car, this time going toward Queensville. Jimmy waited until he was sure it was not the car on which he had ridden out of town, then rolled forward to the roadside. The brakes squealed softly. Someone snatched the rag out of his mouth and he looked up into Doc Alex's astonished face.

"Jimmy! Good lord, Jimmy!"

He was pulling at the knots behind Jimmy, straightening his legs and rubbing them hard. When Jimmy stood up his legs buckled and he had to cling to Doc's arm.

"Quick, Doc! Over here—quick like a rabbit!"

He hobbled on his bent legs across the road and into the lane, holding Doc's arm. "Money, Doc. Somebody pulled a robbery and I got in the way. Look down there."

Doc hauled the planks off the well and his light, with which he explored sore throats and ears, pricked the blackness. The two bags were hung on iron hooks in the wall of the well. Doc hauled them out and, with Jimmy still clinging to his arm, went back to the car. He threw the bags into the back seat and drew Jimmy onto the seat beside him. Jimmy gave a little yelp of pain as his head touched the back of the seat.

"Don't talk now," Doc said as he stepped harder on the gas. "Save it for later."

Two miles later Jimmy moaned, "Stop the car! Stop an' lemme be sick!"

Doc held his head until he felt better, then drove faster. He drove straight to Clegg's house on the corner of Main and Pine Road. "Hold this," he said to Jimmy, handing him his own small case. He grasped the two leather bags in the back of the car and carried them to the house. Doc leaned on the bell until Clegg himself came down, his hair on end, buttoning his blue coat over his pyjamas.

"Phone Ben Harlan," Doc said, ushering Jimmy into the dark hallway. "Get me some hot water quick. Your bank's been robbed and somebody nearly killed Jimmy here."

For his size Clegg could move mighty fast. His wife brought a bowl of water and Doc washed his hands. He shoved Jimmy into a chair in the crowded living room and turned the lamp so he could see better. He whistled softly between his teeth. Jimmy put his hands on his bony knees and gripped hard to keep from shouting with anguish.

When Clegg came from the phone he said, "What's this all about?"

Jimmy said carefully, "Some guy busted the bank and I got in his way so he conked me. Look in the bags."

Clegg wrenched the bags open and stared at the neat packets of bills. Doc shoved a small table toward Jimmy and laid his arms on it, then pressed his

head down on his arms. The room swam easily to and fro. Somebody was shouting questions at him, but his tongue felt too thick for speech. He heard Doc shout, "The Queensville Bank! Fort Knox hasn't enough money to pay for the kid's life!"

Somebody gave him a drink of something nasty and sharp. It burned his insides but cleared his vision. Ben was there with Mel beside him, still in the pretty new dress but her face was white and tight-looking.

Clegg leaned forward in his chair, his eyes cold in his round hard face. "Just exactly what happened, Jimmy?"

Ben's hand was on his shoulder, letting him know he was there, trying to steady him. "Can you talk, son?"

"Sure." He wiped a shaky hand over his upper lip. "I went to get the gun I buried behind the shop and a guy was coming out the bank window, that cellar window with only two bars on it. He had a car parked at the gas station where everyone parks when there's a dance. I got on the bumper and hung on. When I got off he conked me and tied me up. Doc came—"

He felt his head sagging forward and Ben's hand on his chin bracing him. "You tell 'em, Doc," he said.

There was a blur of voices. Clegg said insistently, "Would you know the man if you saw him again?"

"I'd know his voice."

He shouldn't have said that. Clegg's eyes were wary. "Who was he talking to?"

"Me. He said"—Jimmy licked his dry lips—"said he'd be back. Said he'd drop me in the lake."

Clegg's hand hit the table hard. "You're lying!"

Jimmy put his head down on his arm and thought of how people would say Mel ran around with a fast crowd. Ben was so proud of her. Doc was crazy about her. If he spilled what he knew, how many would he hurt? He felt as if the rock of Gibraltar had settled on his chest.

Clegg's voice was calmer. "Tell the truth, Jim, so I won't have to put you where you can sit till you remember!"

Mel said, "Oh no!" and moved to stand between Jimmy and Clegg.

Ben cleared his throat before saying, "Now, George, if Jimmy were in on this he wouldn't have brought the money back to you, would he?"

"If he weren't mixed up in it some way," Clegg retorted, "why didn't he raise an alarm when he saw what had happened instead of riding on the guy's bumper as he claims?"

Ben's eyes went to Jimmy's dirty white face. "Shielding somebody?" he asked softly.

"Some old pal?" Clegg asked.

"Nobody," Jimmy whispered. "Nobody."

Mel put her hand on his arm. "Jimmy, tell them! Tell them everything or they'll send you back—"

"I told them," he said, and this time his voice cracked and he felt his chest heaving as if he were going to sob.

Doc snapped his bag shut. "You can pick him up in the morning if you still want him. Better let him get to bed before he starts bleeding again. Take him to the coop," he added carelessly, "and I won't answer for him—you will."

Jimmy was hazy about what happened after. He knew Doc drove them

Continued on page 39

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# C

## COOL LIVING IN . . . S

When summer starts to sizzle,  
put your beauty on ice with these  
30 cooling tricks

**Your hair** brushed up from the nape, no matter what the length. Try this air-conditioned style: Brush your locks out from the crown, catch the thickness with an elastic. Roll curls out from this centre, smoothing them into a charmed circle with bob pins and a smidge of hair balm. Cream-shampoo often; your hair feels coolest when it's cleanest. To keep it in place and protected from strong sun . . . to keep loose pin-curls your secret after a swim . . . make your Cool Cap, illustrated top right. Pretty enough for the brightest heads.

**Your skin** needs protection now with a lotion, oil or cream designed to lure a tan, spurn a burn. The light complexion is still much favored and some women may choose to skip suntanning with a special lotion, a wide shade hat. And if you do get a burn cool down in a tepid tub to which you've added one cup of sodium bicarbonate.

**Your make-up** shields your complexion and gives you the look of coolness. Apply lipstick with care, keeping the outline crisp. Blot it well to dull the shine. Try lightweight face powder, and stock a couple of extra shades to match your cheeks of deepening tan. Your eyes will take on new point and purpose when accented with eye cosmetics. Try pastel blue or green shadow for a cool change.

Stale make-up makes you look and feel like a wilted flower. Have a completely fresh do often. Carry one of those compacts of cotton pads saturated with lotion. They whisk away dust and stuff, feel like a cool hand on your fevered little brow.

**Your clothes** should be summer weight—crease resisting—simply styled. Choose the cooler colors . . . leaf green, blue, quaker grey, black and white. Be fresh as a daisy with a bunch of same pinned on your glove, at your waist. Wear a single piece of light jewelry . . . a thin, thin belt, shoes that are mainly strap, carry a straw bag.

**Your feet** can never be sued for non-support if you give them a little attention. When they tend to swell in sultry weather rub them with icy cologne, dust them with foot powder. When you can, lie down and prop them high. If you are a Working Girl carry extra stockings wrapped in wax paper, for a midday change. If you go bare-legged, there are now nylon sockettes to slip over your toes.

**Your nightly bath** will do you good if you turn on the cold tap first, add only enough hot to warm the water. A tepid tub is cooling, doesn't steam the room.

Use the perspiration check you know you can depend on and use it more often. Have more than one type. A cream or liquid for underarms, a deodorant cologne across your back and at your waistline, a deodorant tale for shoes and the palms of your hands.

**Your sleep** will be sound if you fill your hot-water bottle with cold water or ice cubes, slip it between the sheets. Spray a clean-smelling, citric cologne along the sides of your bed, near the headboard. Spray down as fragrance rises.



# IN SUMMER HEAT

BY EILEEN MORRIS  
Fashion and Beauty



Make our Cool Cap of thinnest blue cotton mull edged in a daisy chain of lace, or of white piqué banded in peasant embroidery.



Take time now and then to cover face and throat with a film of cream. Soothe your eyes with squares of cotton dampened in astringent.

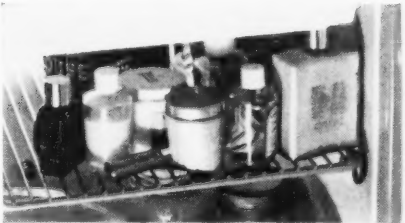


Put away your full-length slips and find new comfort in fine cotton half slips frosted in airy lace.

You walk with a dainty step through the stickiest day if you take time to mist your feet with a spray deodorant.



Stake out a corner of the 'frig for cosmetics . . . lotion, astringent, cologne, creams, lipstick,



## Are you in the know?



For some gals, which style demands special grooming?

- ☐ Horseshoe neckline
- ☐ Batwing sleeves
- ☐ Pleated skirts

Squires soon tire of gals who perspire and don't do something about it! Use under-arm deodorants; dress shields. And with batwing sleeves, you can wear a bra with built-in shields; special precaution to save your dress, your daintiness. At

"Calendar" time, smooth grooming's no problem—let Kotex banish revealing outlines. With those special, flat pressed ends no telltale outlines show. You can flaunt any smart new fashion—minus a single secret quid!



What helps smooth out too-curly locks?

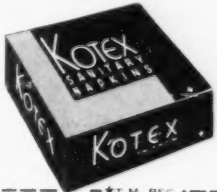
- ☐ Softening
- ☐ Stretching
- ☐ Brushing

If you're a frizz-kid, don't fret. Have your locks shaped and thinned out. After each washing, use a softening rinse. After each wash, use a softening rinse, apply wave set to set-e-e-h hair while putting into pin curls. Constant brushing too, helps smooth those problem tresses. You can smooth away problem-day cares—with the comfort of Kotex to keep you at ease. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives softness that holds its shape.

Which flatters a chubby chassis?

- ☐ Slinky black
- ☐ Canary yellow
- ☐ Soft, cool colours

'Smagic—how a colour can fool the eye. The right hue can pare down plumpness, help deflate a "spare tire". But don't think slinky black's the answer—(faint for teens). Also, avoid dazzling shades. Wear soft, cool colours like blue, green, violet, preferably in darker tones. And never let calendar-time discomfort deflate your poise. Choose Kotex. That special safety centre gives you extra protection.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ Buy a new belt
- ☐ Circle your calendar
- ☐ Perk up your wardrobe

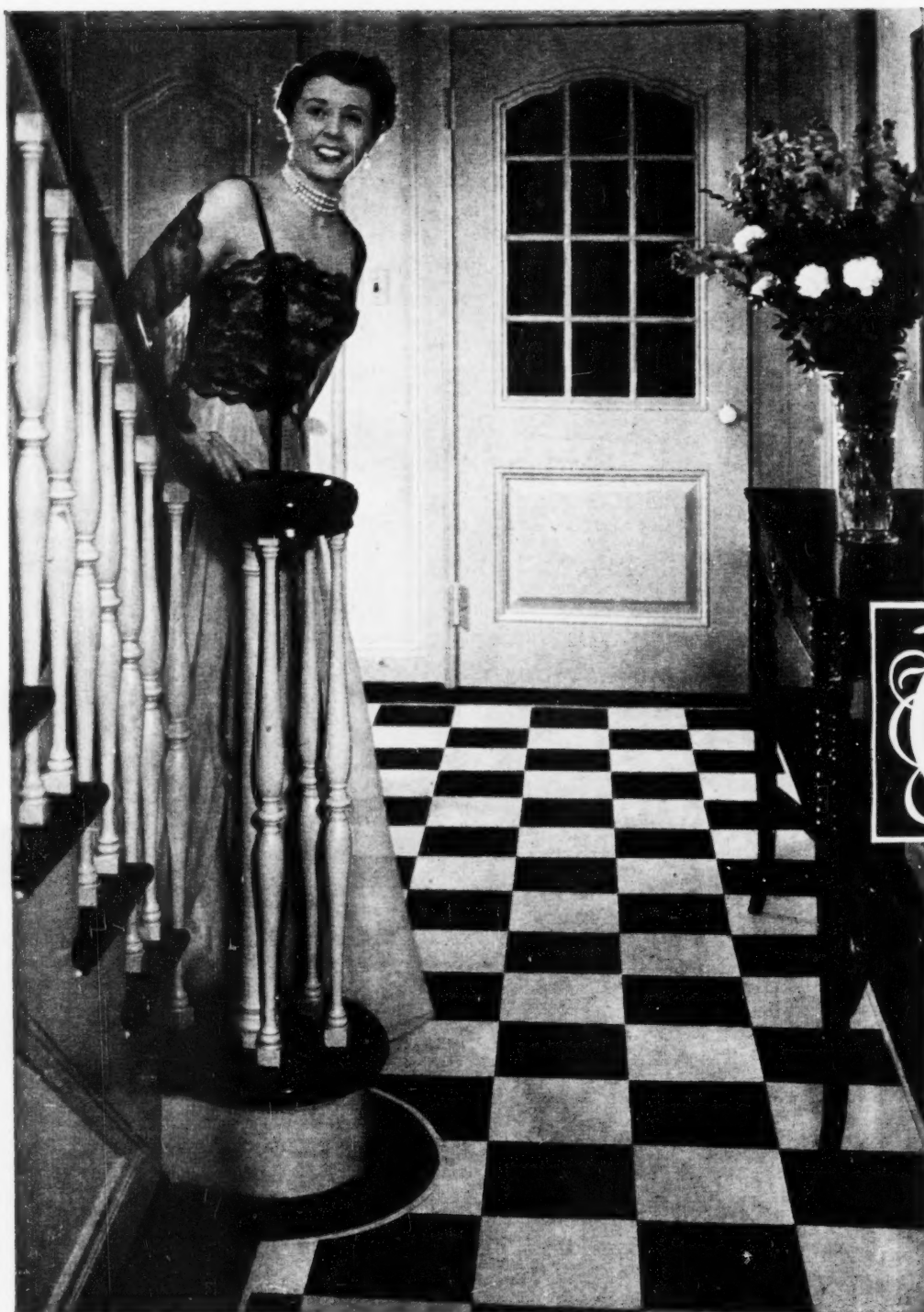
Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dees pronto!* So, don't wait till the last minute, buy a new Kotex belt now.



Kotex Sanitary Belt . . . Buy two—for a change!

P.S.

Have you tried Delsey? Delsey\* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.\* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)



This photograph was taken, by permission, in a Montreal home. The linoleum is Dominion Battleship Black and Ivory—in tile form with border by the yard. All the attention it has received over the years is mopping (with a damp mop) and an occasional waxing and light polishing.

**Time-tested**

*Linoleum's resilience, its colour and its sound-deadening quality go right through to the base. That is why Dominion Linoleum floors in countless Canadian homes, stores and public buildings have withstood the test of up to forty years constant wear.*

**Dominion  
Linoleum**

*floors  
beautiful resilient Time-Tested*

DOMINION BATTLESHIP LINOLEUM (PLAIN) . . . MARBOLEUM . . . JASPÉ . . .

In tiles or by the yard . . . A product of

Established 1872

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED • Montreal

**G**

uess how old

this  
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is...

You would hardly believe it, but when this floor was put down, the young lady was in kindergarten. You can see for yourself, from this unretouched photograph, that the linoleum is as colourful and gleaming as ever. When she steps down on it, her high dancing heels will find it as resilient and sound-deadening as when new. When you build or remodel, if you use linoleum you can count on your floor being permanent — like the outer walls of the house. Its durability makes linoleum your most economical floor covering buy! Plan on linoleum for *all* your floors.

Continued from page 34

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When he woke the sun was hot and warm in the room. Ben was in the shapeless old chair and he had set the electric coffeepot on the bedside table. The rich aroma of it permeated the room. He watched Ben pour two cups.

"Head ache, son?"

"Not much," he lied. The coffee scalded his tongue. His arm wobbled when he leaned on it.

Nothing more was said until Ben had poured more coffee. He settled himself in the old chair, stroking his little white beard with his big crooked hands, his eyes resting thoughtfully on Jimmy's bland face with the childishly blurred features, the short blunt nose and dark blue eyes.

"This thing that happened," Ben said slowly, "we have to talk about it before Clegg comes."

Jimmy put his arm over his eyes as if to shield them from the light, but he wanted only to shield his face from Ben's eyes.

"You said this man was going to toss you in the lake, didn't you?"

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"You know the kind of man that would do that to someone would do it to anyone, don't you?" Ben waited, letting his words sink in. "Can't put him where he belongs while he's running loose. Running loose, he's gonna hurt somebody somewhere. You want to be responsible for that, Jim?"

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"We want to keep you, Jim." He wasn't pushing or prying. He sat there in the big old chair with the worry on his face and his hand was steady as he stroked the fine wood of the table edge.

"It would hurt Mel. And that'd hurt you."

Ben's hand lay heavy on Jim's bony young paw. "Suppose you let me be the judge of that? It's going to hurt seeing you packed back to MacPhail, to have my old pal say I let him down."

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"Yeah. I know. You've always been Doc Alec's girl, Ben said."

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GIFT

OF GIFTS FOR

GRADUATION

*The Golden Symphony*  
by **EVERSHARP**

Pen and Pencil Set \$23.25. Pen only \$15.75

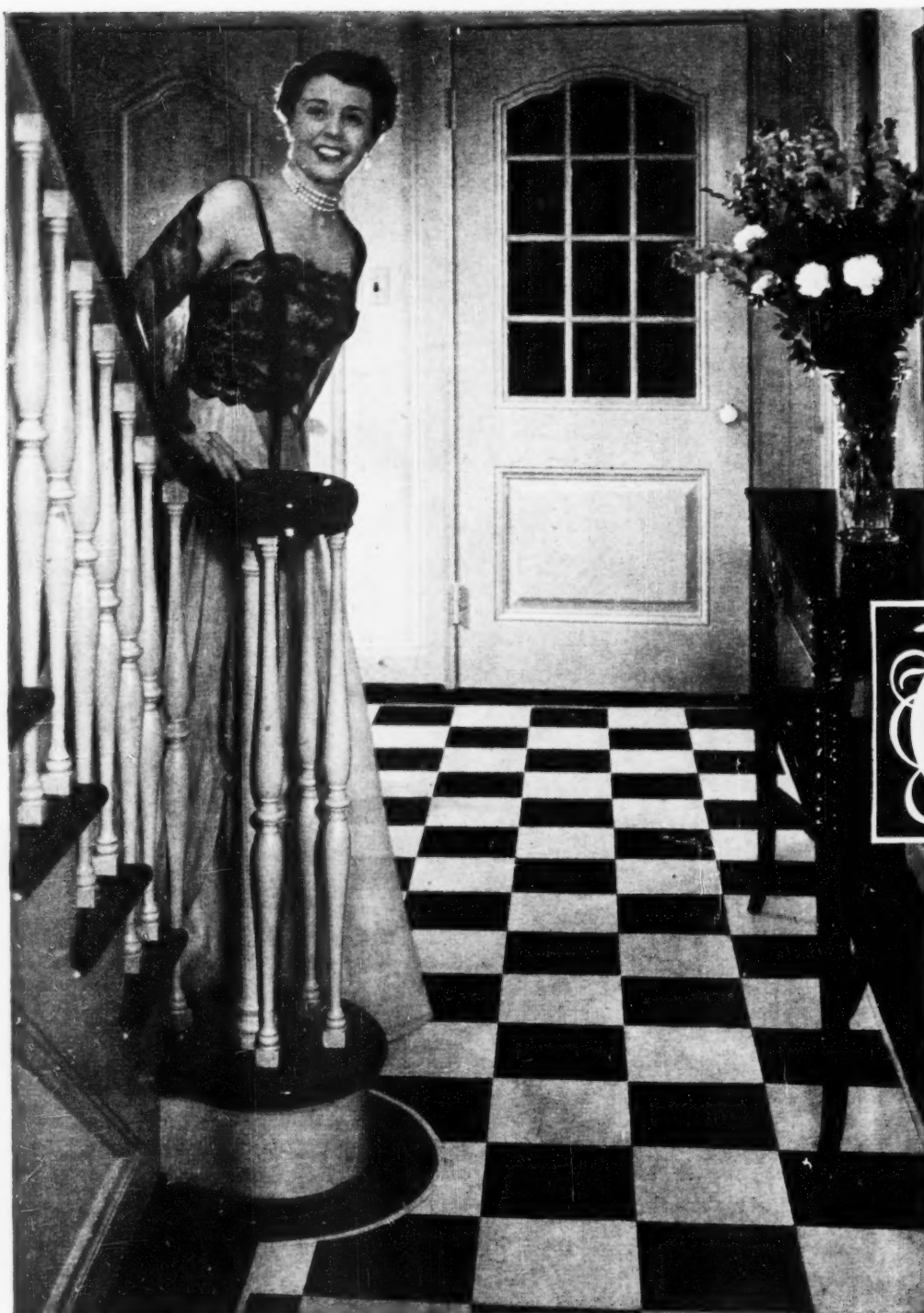


Give him or her the *supreme* gift for that Day of Days . . . the *lasting* reminder of your pride and pleasure. Ask to see **EVERSHARP'S** Golden Symphony at any pen counter. Try the balanced "feel" of its tapered barrel . . . the generous 14-karat gold nib that writes with effortless ease. See its handsome gold-filled cap teamed with choice of smart, new colours. You'll realize no other gift could be so welcome.

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Factory and Offices, Toronto, Ont.

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and you give the *finest*





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## WITH GRIT-FREE BON AMI



**A super-shine as you clean**—it's yours with Bon Ami Cleanser! You see, Bon Ami is *grit-free*... it can't scratch or dull the shiny surfaces of your sink, bathtub, pots and pans... and it won't roughen or redden your hands, either. That's why it's the one fast cleanser that's *safe* for everything you clean. No wonder millions of women won't use any other. But see for yourself! Get Bon Ami Cleanser and try it today!

*The safe, speedy cleanser*

# BON AMI

*"hasn't scratched yet!"*

## UMMER ACCENTS IN WHITE

*A cool classic shirt-waist in open-work crochet, front-buttoned to a flattering V. So wonderfully packable, it's a joy to the traveler—launders like a breeze, needs no pressing. No. S262.*



*A touch of witchery for a magic evening. The stole—fashion's favorite—goes to your head this season in a drift of tulle delicately etched with lace or embroidery. No. S263.*



*To catch the sun, a glamour top for tanning. Or dust with rhinestones for dancing under the stars. No. S264.*

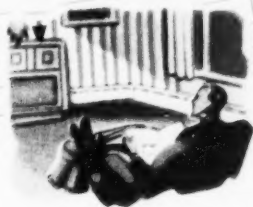


*Crochet cuffs—a smart accent for your summer shortie gloves. No. S265.*

Order from Chatelaine Handicraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
Pattern prices, 5 cents each.



## Helpful Hints on Home Heating



The heating system should always be planned for the particular home it is to serve. That is why, before selecting a system, it's so important to consult your architect or plumbing and heating contractor. They know heating. They can fit your new home or your present home with the equipment best suited to heat it adequately and economically for years. They can give you, too, many suggestions (such as those indicated below) as to how you can get the greatest return from this essential investment.

**REFERENCE**—A reference guide you'll find interesting and informative at the planning stage is the Crane booklet ADM-1607 "How to select the right heating system for your home".

**THROUGH THE YEARS**, it's always well to have this axiom in mind: "Maintenance is cheaper than repair. Repair is cheaper than replacement". It pays to have a periodic inspection of your heating equipment (and your plumbing equipment, too) by a competent plumbing and heating contractor.

When you shut down your heating for the summer, see that accumulated soot, ashes, dust and scale are removed from smoke pipes and inner walls of the boiler. Then have all surfaces daubed with old oil to prevent moisture from forming rust.

Always keep the flues clear of heat-stealing soot, dust and scale. If you have a stoker, blower or oil-burning system, have motor, fan, wiring and controls carefully checked before cold weather starts.

It saves fuel to keep temperatures even. Set thermostat at 65 to 70 degrees for daytime; 60 at night.

**RADIATORS**—Don't let dust accumulate on radiators—for dust is an insulator. When re-painting radiators, avoid heat-reflecting colors.

Just as the Crane line offers a complete selection of dependable boilers for every purpose, so too it provides a complete variety of radiators: free-standing ("on-leg"); concealed radiators for cabinet or panel installation; and the latest Radiant Baseboard Panels. You'll find complete information on these different types in ADM-9003, "Cast Iron Radiation"; ADM-9009, "Radiant Baseboard Heating"; ADM-5009, "Key Facts on Warden-King Concealed Radiation".

**PETCOCKS**—The little petcock at the side of the radiator should be opened occasionally—especially when the heating system is at its highest temperature. Keep it open until water appears. Otherwise air pockets form and arrest the circulation of water—and the radiator doesn't heat up.

**INSULATION**—Unless heat radiated from your boiler is used to heat your basement, it's good economy to insulate the heating unit. If you are using radiators in the basement, they should be wall-hung to be efficient—and a forced feed system is required to serve them. Heat losses can be reduced by

insulating the hot water pipe from the boiler. But do NOT insulate the return pipe. The cooler the return pipe, the better the system operates.

Also—it's a good idea to insulate the hot water storage tank to keep heat inside. Of course you won't need a storage tank if you have one of the new "BILTIN" tankless instantaneous coils. It's a feature of the new No. 20 Boiler—provides an uninterrupted supply of hot water. You can see it—and all other types of heaters (coal, gas, oil and electric)—at any Crane Branch. (And speaking of hot water—it comes as a surprise to most people to realize

that the average shower uses up less water than does the average tub bath!). **LOCAL STOPS**—It's a good idea to have Local Stops (shut-off valves) on each radiator. Then you can regulate the heat in any particular room without affecting the rest of the house.

**INFORMATION**—For informative literature on the various aspects of home heating, including the booklets mentioned above, ask your plumbing and heating contractor or write Crane at 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal 2, Canada.



for every home...  
for every budget... **CRANE** the Preferred Heating!

*...with this boiler  
there's a new living room in the basement*

Dad may be making a blind stab at the unsuspecting donkey, but there was no guesswork when he chose his No. 20 Oil-Burning Boiler in that handsome green jacket—the last word in modern heating efficiency—with its "Biltin" tankless coil or trombone heater to assure plenty of domestic hot water, too.

In addition to the No. 20, the Crane line includes a complete selection of boilers of every capacity for every type of fuel... exposed or concealed radiators and the new "Radiant Baseboard Panels"... and all the piping, valves and fittings required for a complete, dependable installation. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor.



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# A

## NEW TEA BISCUIT METHOD

### and four ways to use it

More zest to baking and meals when you can turn out a variety of dishes from a simple, yet different, starter recipe

#### BASIC BISCUIT DOUGH

2½ cups sifted pastry flour      4 teaspoons baking powder  
2/3 cup cold milk      ¼ teaspoon salt      1/3 cup vegetable oil

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Pour milk and oil into a measuring cup, but do not mix together. Pour all at once into dry ingredients. Stir with a fork until mixture cleans sides of bowl. Knead about 8 or 10 times on floured wax paper. Press out or roll dough to ½ inch thickness. Cut with a floured biscuit cutter and place on a baking sheet. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven (450 deg. F.). Makes 12 to 14 medium-sized biscuits.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute.*

BY MARION GRAHAM, Chatelaine Institute

See opposite page for recipes.

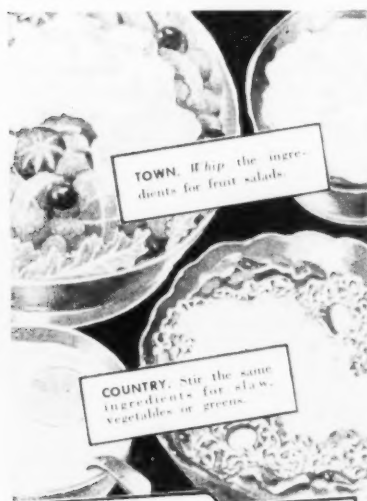


# SOMETHING NEW FOR SALADS!

**Sunkist  
Town & Country  
Dressing**

You use the same simple low-cost ingredients in either case. The only difference is, you stir them if you want the liquid (Country) dressing to pour over slaws, greens or combination salads and you whip them if you want an elegant, fluffy (Town) dressing for fruit salads.

No cooking involved! Nothing could be much quicker or easier. They're low calorie dressings. And they're both perfectly delicious. Try them—with fine, fresh Sunkist Lemons.



## SUNKIST TOWN AND COUNTRY DRESSING

1/2 tsp. salt      1/2 cup Sunkist lemon juice  
1/4 tsp. mustard      1 small can evap.  
1/16 tsp. paprika      milk  
2 tbsp. sugar  
1 tbsp. cider vinegar      3 tbsp. mayonnaise

### TOWN DRESSING (for fruit salads)

Chill milk in bowl or ice tray until crystals form. Mix salt and spices with sugar; add vinegar and lemon juice. Beat sugar; add milk very stiff. With beater at chilled milk very stiff. With beater at low speed, slowly add first mixture. Fold in mayonnaise. Makes full pint of whipped dressing.

### COUNTRY DRESSING (for slaws, greens, vegetables)

Mix salt and spices with sugar, then add to mayonnaise. Stir in vinegar and lemon juice, then milk. Serves 6-8.

Fresh  
California  
Sunkist  
Lemons

For scores of wonderful new recipes, and ideas that make good foods better and housekeeping easier—send for that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book, Free. Just write to Sunkist, Sec. 5506, Box 39, Toronto, Ont.

## 1 Fruited Nut Drops

Make basic biscuit dough, adding 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons chopped nuts, and 6 tablespoons sliced glazed cherries to the sifted dry ingredients. Add 2 extra tablespoons milk when combining liquid and dry ingredients. Drop dough from a large spoon onto baking sheet about 2 inches apart. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 18 drop biscuits.

Approximate cost 51c.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

## 2 Cinnamon Swirls

Cream 3/4 cup brown sugar and 1/2 cup soft butter or margarine until smooth and fluffy. Place a teaspoon of the mixture in the bottom of each muffin tin. Roll out basic biscuit dough to 1/4 inch thickness and spread with remaining sugar-butter or margarine mixture. Sprinkle with 1/2 to 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Roll up firmly like a jellyroll and seal the end with a small amount of water. Cut in 3/4 inch slices, and place the rolls in muffin tins. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Turn out of muffin tins when warm. Makes 14 to 16 cinnamon swirls.

Approximate cost 40c.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

## 3 Meat Pie

Make your favorite meat pie filling or use several cans of stew. Turn filling into a 1 1/2 quart size casserole. Roll out basic biscuit dough to 1/4 inch thickness. Cut a circle of dough slightly larger than casserole top. Place circle on filling and make a fluted edge. Cut slashes in top for steam to escape. Decorate with flowers and leaves made from dough. (To make flowers cut thin strips of dough about 1 inch wide and roll to form a flower shape.) Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

Approximate cost 84c.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

## 4 Fruit Shortcake

Make basic biscuit dough, adding 2 tablespoons sugar to the sifted dry ingredients. Roll or press out dough to 1/4 inch thickness. Using a 3 inch biscuit cutter, cut out 12 circles. Place 6 circles on baking sheet and brush tops with melted butter or margarine. Place remaining circles on top and again brush with melted butter or margarine. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes, just before serving. Separate halves of hot biscuits and spread bottom halves with some of the crushed or sliced sweetened fruit or berries. Cover with top halves and spread with remaining fruit. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream and whole fruit or berries.

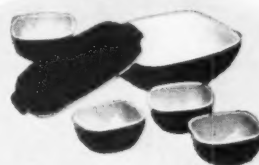
Serves 6.

Approximate cost 98c.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

Costs are based on prices effective April 6, 1951.

Have you all these  
**PYREX**  
dishes?



NEW PYREX HOSTESS SET—in colour! 48-oz. covered casserole with 4 individual ramekins. Red or yellow. \$3.95



PYREX "FLAVOR SAVER" PIE PLATE—High fluted edges keep juices and flavors in your pie. 9-inch size 80c, 10-inch size 95c



PYREX HOSTESS OVEN-AND-TABLE SET—80-oz. open bowl with four 12-oz. individual dishes. Set in red or yellow. \$3.95



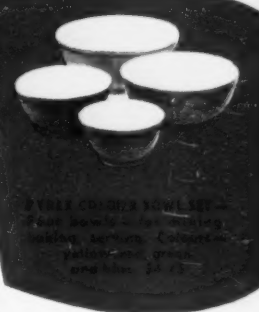
PYREX FLAMEWARE SAUCEPAN—You see what's cooking, see it turn out right! 32-oz. size \$2.75, 48-oz. size \$3.25, 64-oz. size \$3.50



PYREX UTILITY DISH—Bake in it, serve in it! It's useful a dozen different ways. Small size 95c, medium size \$1.25, large size \$1.40.



PYREX HOSTESS CASSEROLE—in colour! Casserole with cover, in gay red or sunny yellow. Medium size \$2.75, large size \$3.15



PYREX LOAF PAN—Bakes your meat or salmon loaf—serves it in style. Medium size 95c, Large size \$1.25

Nothing so tempting as the sight of good food when it's cooking! When you use your Pyrex Ware you can see the moment your food is done. And when it's served in the wonderful new Hostess sets—it looks as good as it tastes! You'll enjoy using every one of the gay, colourful Pyrex Ware dishes. Remember—no odors... no stains when you cook with Pyrex!

Go to the Pyrex Counter at your favorite store and buy the ware you need. Every week add one or two more of the many different shapes and sizes of Pyrex dishes to your cupboard shelves.

**PYREX**

OVENWARE AND FLAMEWARE  
All PYREX is guaranteed Against Heat Breakage for Two Years



If it's Pyrex Ware the trade mark is on it

PYREX WARE a product of CORNING GLASS WORKS OF CANADA LTD.

"Pyrex" brand is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works of Canada Ltd.



**Kraft's annual**

*in full swing at your grocer's now!*

# Salad



*THEY'LL LOVE THESE FRUIT BOUQUETS  
... WITH FAMOUS MIRACLE WHIP*

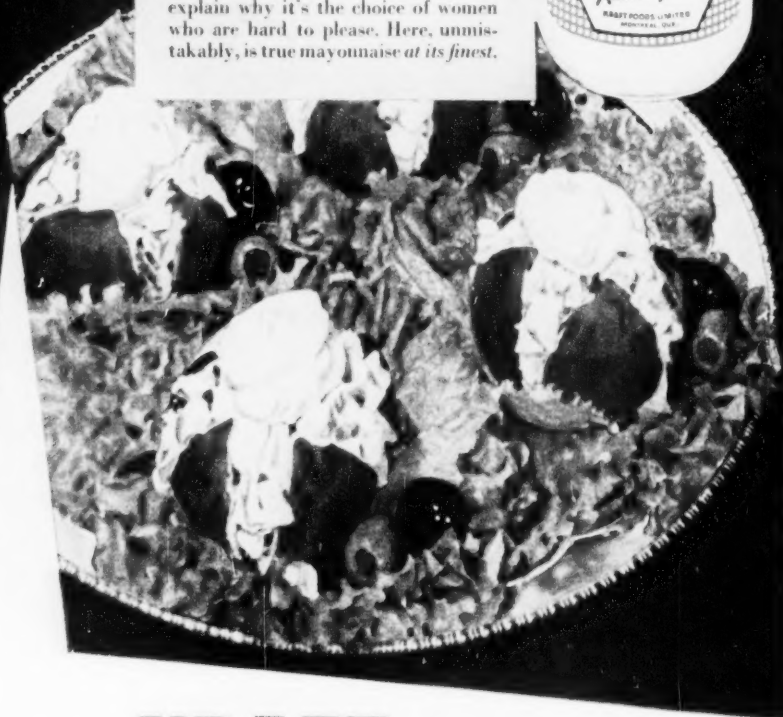
Far and away the most popular salad dressing ever created, famous Miracle Whip has a lively, luscious flavor all its own. Peppy but not sharp. Smooth, but not too bland. Millions prefer it . . . and no wonder!



Save the 16 oz. and 32 oz.  
Miracle Whip jars for canning.

**CHICKEN SALAD DELUXE... WITH  
KRAFT KITCHEN-FRESH MAYONNAISE**

The luxurious richness of Kraft Mayonnaise, and its exquisite delicate flavor, explain why it's the choice of women who are hard to please. Here, unmistakably, is true mayonnaise at its finest.



There's a just-right **KRAFT** dressing for

# Carnival!

Come to Kraft's Salad Carnival at your food store now! Grocers are featuring a wonderful choice of salad makings, thriftily priced. And they're featuring "specials" on famous Kraft Salad Dressings, the dressings with the just-right flavors that make salads sure to please. For variety, for values—now's the time to buy!

DON'T MISS THIS BIG EVENT!

## EXCITING! BLUSHING PEAR SALAD AND MIRACLE FRENCH DRESSING

There's excitement in the subtle flavor of Miracle French Dressing. Deftly seasoned, with just a hint of onion and garlic, it's elegant on tossed salads or when using Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese as in these Blushing Pears.



## FOR DELICIOUS, EASY-FIXED TOSSED SALADS...KRAFT FRENCH DRESSING

Adroitly seasoned so that it's zippy enough for grown-ups, mild enough to please children, Kraft French Dressing is immensely popular. Food stores are featuring all these Kraft favorites. Why not try them all?



Celebrate NATIONAL SALAD WEEK!  
Serve a delicious salad every day.

every taste...now's the time to try them all!



# White Bright

as a snowdrop

# Sweet

as a sunbeam

# Javex

as clover

## BLEACHES WHITER

1 tablespoonful of Javex to 2 gallons of rinse water makes cottons and linens beautifully white and spotlessly clean.



## REMOVES STAINS

A little Javex on a wet cloth removes stains and makes sink, refrigerator, all porcelain sparkle. Without scrubbing.



## DISINFECTS AND BRIGHTENS

Javex soaks out ugly stains — whitens, brightens and disinfects toilet bowl, tub and basin. Saves time and scouring.



The label on every bottle shows you how EASY Javex makes so MANY household cleaning and bleaching chores. Why wear yourself out scrubbing? Write Javex on your grocery list now.

# Javex

LIQUID SUNSHINE

**CANADA'S FAVORITE BLEACH**

## 8 FAVORITE RECIPES

from the Institute Kitchen



Cool and refreshing is this lime horse-radish mold. For a June buffet supper serve with canned luncheon meat, light tea biscuits and iced tea.

### LIME HORSE-RADISH MOLD

Approximate Cost—34c

- |                             |                       |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 package lime jelly powder | prepared horse-radish |
| 1 1/4 cups boiling water    | 1 teaspoon sugar      |
| 2 tablespoons               | 1/2 teaspoon salt     |
|                             | Pineapple wedges      |

To the lime jelly powder add boiling water. Stir until dissolved. Add horse-radish, sugar and salt. Rinse a 2 cup mold and fill 3/4 full with gelatine mixture. Chill until partially set. Arrange pineapple wedges around sides of mold and fill with remaining mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold on a bed of watercress and garnish with pineapple. Serves 4. Approved by Chateleine Institute

### SOUFFLE MODERNE

Approximate Cost—40c

- |                                        |              |
|----------------------------------------|--------------|
| 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup | 1 egg yolks  |
|                                        | 1 egg whites |

Heat soup. Add slowly to beaten egg yolks. Cook. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased 1 1/2 quart-size baking dish and place in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 1 hour or until firm. Serve with a Tomato-Cheese Sauce. Serves 4. Approved by Chateleine Institute

### TOMATO-CHEESE SAUCE

Approximate Cost—32c

- |                                   |                                      |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | Few grains pepper                    |
| 2 tablespoons flour               | 1 cup milk                           |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt                 | 1/4 cup tomato catsup or chili sauce |
|                                   | 1/4 cup grated cheese                |

Melt butter or margarine in top part of double boiler. Add flour and seasonings and blend well. Add milk gradually. Cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add tomato catsup or chili sauce and cheese. Mix. Serve over Souffle Moderne.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

### BANANA CREAM PIE

Approximate Cost—42c

- |                          |                                      |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2 cups milk              | 2 teaspoons butter or margarine      |
| 2 tablespoons cornstarch | 1 teaspoon vanilla or almond extract |
| 1 1/2 tablespoons flour  | 1 large or 2 small bananas, sliced   |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt        |                                      |
| 1/2 cup granulated sugar |                                      |
| 2 egg yolks              |                                      |

Prepare and bake an 8-inch pie shell. Heat 1 1/2 cups milk in double boiler. Mix cornstarch, flour, salt and sugar. Combine with remaining cold milk. Add to hot milk in double boiler. Cook, stirring constantly until mixture is thickened. Continue cooking for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add part of hot mixture gradually to slightly beaten egg yolks. Blend. Add to remaining mixture in double boiler. Cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Blend in butter or margarine. Cool (cover to prevent skin from forming). Add vanilla. When thoroughly cooled, fill a cooled baked 8-inch pie shell with half the mixture. Arrange half the sliced bananas on top. Cover with the remaining filling then remaining bananas. Top with meringue made as follows:

### MERINGUE

- |                              |                                |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 egg whites                 | 1 tablespoons granulated sugar |
| 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar |                                |

Allow egg whites to stand at room temperature for at least 30 minutes. Egg whites beat up to greater volume if not too cold. Beat egg whites until frothy but not stiff. Add cream of tartar and continue beating until mixture stands in peaks but is not dry. Gradually beat in sugar, about one tablespoon at a time. Continue to beat until mixture is glossy. Pile meringue on cooled filling in pie. With spatula spread toward edge so that it touches



crust all round. (This sealing prevents meringue from shrinking away from edge.) Then spread lightly over centre surface. Pile remaining meringue on top, then swirl it or put it up in peaks. Bake in slow oven (300 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes or until delicate brown. Let cool at room temperature away from draughts.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

#### OLD-FASHIONED BOILED DINNER

Approximate Cost—\$2.96

- |                                         |                                |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 pound piece<br>corned beef<br>brisket | 4 small onions,<br>quartered   |
| 1 bay leaf                              | 1 small turnip,<br>diced       |
| 6 to 8 pepper-<br>corns                 | 4 small potatoes,<br>quartered |
| 1 small cabbage,<br>cut in wedges       | 4 small carrots                |

Soak corned beef in cold water for 2 hours. Drain. Cover with fresh cold water and bring to the boiling point. Simmer for 1½ hour. Drain again. Cover with fresh cold water and bring to the boiling point. Reduce heat to simmer. Add a bay leaf and peppercorns tied in a cheesecloth bag. Simmer until meat is tender, about 40 minutes to the pound. Drain and remove spice bag. Add vegetables and 3 cups fresh water. Cook until vegetables are tender, about 30 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

#### Pressure Cooker Method

Soak corned beef in cold water for 2 hours. Drain. Cover with fresh cold water and bring to the boiling point. Simmer for 1½ hour. Drain again. Add 2 cups fresh cold water and spice bag, cover, and bring up to pressure and cook 40 minutes. Bring down pressure. Remove spice bag and drain. Add vegetables and 1 cup fresh water. Cover and bring up to pressure. Cook 5 to 8 minutes, depending on size of vegetables. Bring down pressure.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

#### CORNED BEEF HASH

Approximate Cost—41c

- |                                              |                                           |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 2 cups chopped<br>corned beef<br>(left-over) | 3 cups mashed<br>potatoes                 |
| 2 tablespoons<br>finely chopped<br>onion     | 2 tablespoons<br>milk                     |
|                                              | 2 tablespoons<br>bacon fat or<br>dripping |

Thoroughly combine corned beef, onions and potatoes. Moisten with milk. Melt bacon fat or dripping in frying pan, then turn in the meat and potato mixture, spreading evenly. Cook over low heat, uncovered for 20 minutes or until golden brown and crusty on the bottom. Fold over gently like an omelet. Turn onto hot platter and garnish with parsley. Serve with prepared mustard or mustard pickle relish. Serves 4 to 6.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

#### RAISIN DROP COOKIES

Approximate Cost—23c

- |                           |                                        |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| ½ cup soft<br>shortening  | ½ cup brown<br>sugar, firmly<br>packed |
| 1 cup pastry<br>flour     | 1 cup quick-<br>cooking oats           |
| ¼ teaspoon salt           | 2 tablespoons<br>hot water             |
| ¼ teaspoon<br>nutmeg      | ½ cup seedless<br>raisins              |
| ½ teaspoon<br>baking soda |                                        |
| ½ teaspoon<br>vanilla     |                                        |

Measure shortening into mixing bowl. Sift together flour, salt, nutmeg and soda. Cream shortening until fluffy.

Add vanilla. Gradually add sugar, mixing until creamy. Add dry ingredients, oats, hot water and raisins, combining thoroughly. Chill dough for ½ to 1 hour. Drop chilled dough from teaspoon, 2 inches apart, onto greased cookie sheets. Press down with tines of fork. Press a second time so that creases are at right angles to those first made. To prevent fork from sticking to dough, dip in warm water or in flour. Bake at 375 deg. F. (moderately hot oven) for 5 to 6 minutes. Remove cookies from sheet. Place on wire cake rack to cool. Yield: 35 to 40 cookies.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

#### SPICED WINE JELLY

Approximate Cost—21c per glass

- |                                                                |                      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 2 cups Canadian<br>red table wine<br>(claret, port,<br>sherry) | 8 cloves             |
| 3 cups sugar                                                   | 3 cinnamon<br>sticks |
|                                                                | ½ bottle Certo       |

Measure wine into top of double boiler. Add sugar and spices (tied in a cheesecloth bag). Mix well; place over rapidly boiling water and heat 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from water and at once stir in Certo. Remove spice bag. Pour quickly into sterilized glasses. Paraffin. Makes five 6-ounce glasses. Delicious with meat and fowl.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

#### BOSTON CREAM PIE

Approximate Cost—67c

Bake plain cake in two 8-inch layers. When cool put together with Lemon Cream Filling between layers. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar. Cut in pie-shaped wedges for serving.

#### PLAIN CAKE

Approximate Cost—36c

- |                               |                       |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1¾ cups sifted<br>cake flour  | or margarine          |
| 2½ teaspoons<br>baking powder | ¾ cup sugar           |
| ¼ teaspoon salt               | 1 egg, beaten         |
| 1 3 cup butter                | ¾ cup milk            |
|                               | ½ teaspoon<br>vanilla |

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Cream butter or margarine until soft. Add sugar and cream until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, beating until smooth after each addition. Add vanilla and beat well. Turn into two 8-inch layer pans lined with wax paper. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes.

#### LEMON CREAM FILLING

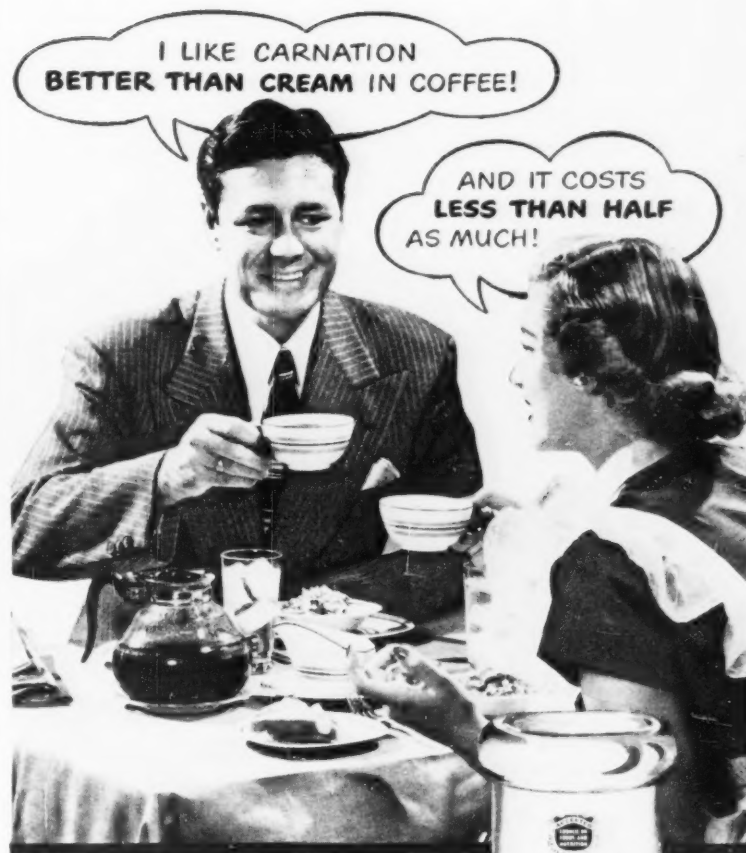
Approximate Cost—31c

- |                                    |                                       |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ¾ to 1 cup sugar                   | 1 3 cup lemon<br>juice                |
| 5 tablespoons<br>flour             | 2 3 cup water                         |
| 1 teaspoon<br>grated lemon<br>rind | 2 teaspoons<br>butter or<br>margarine |
| 1 egg, slightly<br>beaten          | ½ cup whipping<br>cream               |

Combine sugar, flour and lemon rind in top part of double boiler. Combine beaten egg, lemon juice, water and butter or margarine. Gradually add to dry ingredients. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens (5 to 10 minutes). Chill. Beat whipping cream until stiff. Beat chilled filling until smooth and creamy and fold in whipped cream. Spread between layers of plain cake.

Note: The top milk from quart bottles may be saved for a few days and used for whipping (pour off about 1 inch of the top cream).

Approved by Chateleine Institute



Fill Your  
Cream Pitcher  
with the

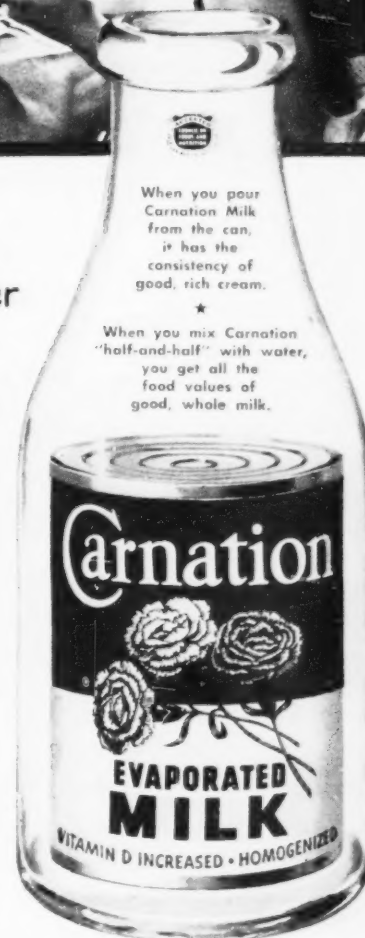
## MILK THAT WHIPS!

DOUBLE YOUR ENJOYMENT of coffee with Carnation...the milk that *whips*! It's so rich and flavorful that millions of families prefer it to expensive table cream for everything from coffee to cereal and fruits!

Carnation is good, rich country milk... concentrated and homogenized to give you extra cream in every drop. Nothing is taken out except water—nothing is added except Vitamin D. No artificial sweetening or preservative is ever used.

No other form of milk has so many table and cooking uses. Just remember that Carnation is more than *twice* as rich as ordinary milk...so be sure to mix it with an equal amount of water for any recipe that calls for milk.

FREE: You don't need special recipes to use Carnation instead of cream or bottled milk. But the "Velvet Blend Book" is filled with appetizing mealtime suggestions. Send for your free copy today. Carnation Company Limited, Dept. 34, Toronto or Vancouver.



"from Contented Cows"

Hear Tony Martin Sing

Every Sunday evening on the Carnation "Contented Hour"—with lovely Jo Stafford. See your newspaper for time and station.



Good Luck's flavour  
is sweeter, fresher!



That's because Good Luck is sweet-churned daily!



No other spread can match the wholesome, *spring-sweet* flavour of Good Luck Margarine . . . that special flavour only Good Luck's exclusive sweet-churning can give.

Whatever you try Good Luck on—toast, bread, hot vegetables, pancakes—you'll notice its wonderful difference *immediately*.

Get pure, wholesome, sweet-tasting Good Luck today. You'll love the wonderful, *fresher* flavour, appreciate what a fine, economical food it is—and, remember . . .

Good Luck is good for you and your youngsters. No other spread contains more Vitamin A and wholesome nourishment!

Get **GOOD LUCK**



- ◀ Foil-wrapped for extra freshness!
- ◀ Twin bars for extra convenience!
- ◀ Two handy colour wafers!

THE SWEETER-FRESHER MARGARINE!



*Let the children help! Here they unload groceries at the cottage.*

## OLVING

### THE MEAL PROBLEM AT THE SUMMER COTTAGE

BY MARGARET MEADOWS

Haven't you often heard the old story, "Let's all have a real holiday this year!" But how about Mother? Doesn't she usually get left with the long end of the stick?

And mostly with the meals. With this in mind the Institute has answered some questions frequently asked about the food problem at the summer cottage.

#### What can I serve for our first meal at camp?

A picnic supper including perhaps a meat loaf and potato salad or potatoes to fry is a favorite with us. Have you ever tried a little chopped parsley with pan-fried potatoes? It's really good. (Remember to cook the potatoes and take ready to slice.) Serve with it a combination salad of lettuce, celery, tomatoes and green onions. Along with cheese and crackers or fresh rolls (taken with you) you have a bang-up lunch or supper.

For dessert you could serve canned or fresh fruit and cake or cookies and with tea, coffee or milk you'll have all the family happy and satisfied.

#### If fresh pasteurized milk is not available what can I do?

Take one day's supply with you in clean sterilized screw-top jars. Wrap well. On arriving at the cottage put in a cool place. It would be wise to take along a supply of powdered milk (both whole and skimmed). Follow the directions on the package. Whip it up and let stand in a cool place overnight. Of course you may prefer to use canned evaporated milk.

Did you know that powdered whole

milk used double strength gives good cream for coffee or cereal? Doubled again—1 cup of whole milk powder to 1 cup of water and sweetened makes a delicious whipped topping.

#### What can I substitute if the bread supply runs out?

Better start off with three or four loaves just in case—but hot biscuits or rolls from a package of tea biscuit mix or quick roll mix will save the day. (Try mixing your own—it carries well in a jar or tin.) Of course soda and graham crackers are always good stand-bys.

#### What desserts are easily prepared yet nutritious?

Fresh fruit rates high during the summer time. Picked fresh from your own bushes fruit is full of flavor and vitamins. Serve plain with cream and cake or cookies and you're all set. Stewed or canned fruit topped with a cake batter gives us the ever popular cottage pudding. (Use any prepared cake mix if you like.) The various crumb toppings with fruit are always popular.

Favorites with children include gelatine desserts (plain and fancy), vanilla, caramel, butterscotch and chocolate pudding. These all come packaged and take but a few minutes time to prepare.

We must not overlook pie—the all-important long-time favorite with the menfolk.

Today, with pastry mix in a package and many kinds of pie fillings, there's no need to spend all morning in a hot kitchen to have a pie that melts in your mouth.

*Continued on next page*

**"It's wonderful!"**  
**HOT WATER**  
*all the time...for everything!*

Your whole family will say "it's wonderful" when you install a new General Electric Automatic Water Heater to provide a dependable supply of hot water for every household need. For personal cleanliness, for the weekly laundry, for the dishes... you can have enough hot water on tap for these and many more important uses.

**FOR DISHES**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**  
**AUTOMATIC WATER HEATERS**



#### Years of trouble-free service

It's economical... it's automatic... just install your G-E Water Heater, then forget it! It's clean... improved magnesium alloy rod protects against rust, ensures long tank life. No flues or chimneys needed, so there's no soot, smoke, fumes or flames. Visit your G-E dealer—soon.

3 sizes, a model for every family:  
33 Imp. Gal., 55 Imp. Gal., 68 Imp. Gal.

**PRICED FROM \$142.50**  
Model shown \$178.00

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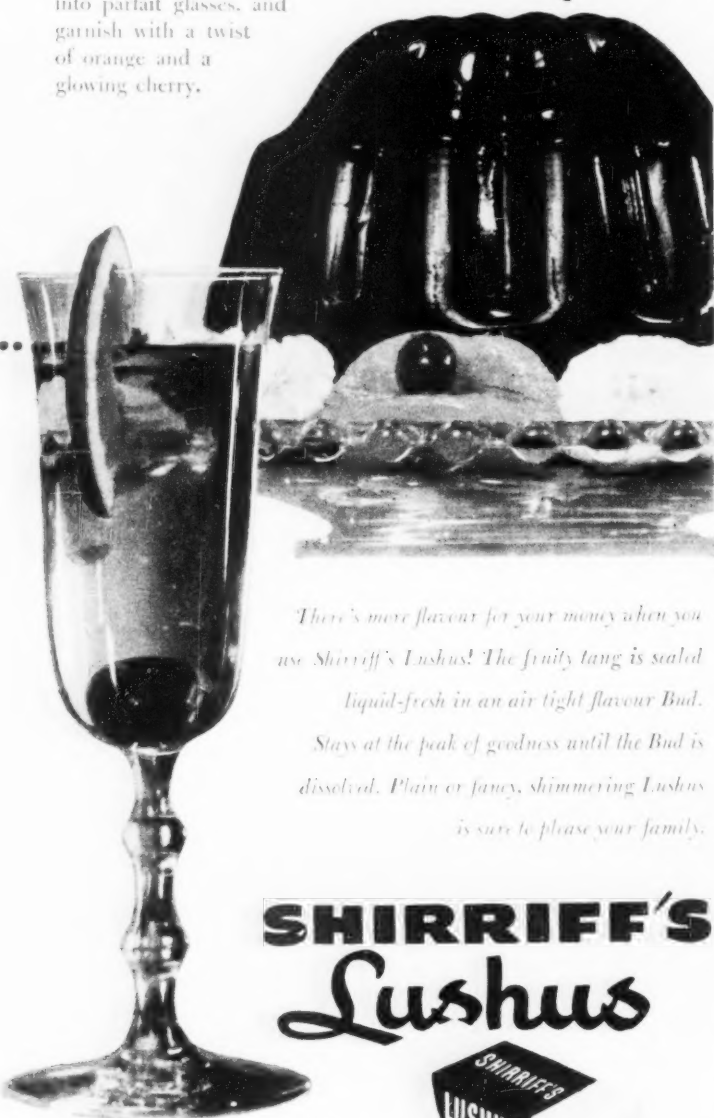
# Bright Ideas...

## with Shirriff's Lushus

So easy! So tasty! The grandest desserts the family ever tasted. Give 'em glitter, and give 'em glamour with Shirriff's Bud-flavoured Lushus.

**Raspberry Rainbow Ring.** Make up sparkling Raspberry Lushus in a deep family-size mould. Before serving, circle it with a ring of brightly coloured fruit—canned, fresh or frozen. My oh my, how tempting it looks and tastes. Lushus has such juicy, fresh-picked flavour.

**Lime Frestie.** This one's refreshing as a tall, cool drink. Pour tangy Lime Lushus into parfait glasses, and garnish with a twist of orange and a glowing cherry.



*There's more flavour for your money when you use Shirriff's Lushus! The fruity tang is sealed liquid-fresh in an air tight flavour Bud. Stays at the peak of goodness until the Bud is dissolved. Plain or fancy, shimmering Lushus is sure to please your family.*

## SHIRRIFF'S Lushus

*the bud-flavoured jelly!*



Meat supplies may be uncertain. What should I plan to take with me?

Smoked meat keeps much better than fresh so you can always count on ham. Plan to take along a roast as well. Our choice would be beef and one large enough to do for two or three days. Be sure to put in a cool place soon after arriving and cook the following day.

For your emergency shelf we found at the grocer's a great variety of tinned meats. You can buy in cans small or large hams, half or whole chicken; tongue, rib roast of beef (sliced), pork butt, steak, beef and kidney and many others. The best part is these do not require refrigeration. There are, as well, the less expensive items including stews, sausages, meat balls and luncheon meats. We're sure you'll find a tin or two of baked beans, macaroni and cheese for packaged cheese dinners), chili con carne, croquettes, chicken à la King, etc., handy too.

Canned salmon, tuna fish, lobster, shrimp or sardines are good any time, served in a salad or creamed.

And let's not forget some bacon. It comes in a tin too—back or side—sliced ready for the pan.

**We like a variety of beverages—what can I include on my list?**

In line with other foods today we find a wide range and it's only for you to make the choice. We take for granted the two most favored beverages—tea and coffee. The latter in its new condensed form is ready to add boiling water and serve.

Packaged and tinned chocolate and malt drinks of all kinds line the grocer's shelves. Or if you'd like, make your own chocolate syrup and take it with you in a sifter. Served cold on warm days, these nutritious drinks add variety to any light meal.

Concentrated and packaged fruit drinks vie with the fresh for flavor—they're usually not expensive and very easily prepared. Bottled drinks too are very popular.

**What about butter and fresh eggs? Are they easily available?**

Usually there is someone in the district who sells fresh eggs and there is usually also a storekeeper in the nearest village or town who can supply you with ordinary everyday needs.

Better take a pound or two of butter or margarine and some eggs with you just in case. No need to remind you that they keep better in a cool place.

**How can I manage to have a supply of cakes, cookies, muffins, pastry, etc., without too much trouble?**

In this field you're pretty much on your own. But even at that it's not as bad as it might be.

What with all the cake, pastry and muffin mixes on the market today as well as many kinds and varieties of fancy biscuits in packages and tins, you should never be short.

You'll find the tinned date and nut bread and fruit and nut loaf good too. And why not make a fruit cake and take it to the cottage with you? Or try our recipe given here for Date and Nut Cake. It keeps well for two weeks in a tin but better not let the family know it's there!

**What preparation beforehand will make last-minute arrangements easier?**

If you go up to your cottage for week ends early in the season it's a good idea to take a few staples along each trip until your shelves are well stocked. Be sure, of course, that there's no danger of mice. If you have your doubts—put packaged goods in tin containers.

**There must be some small camp equipment which is useful in keeping food. Can you tell me something about it?**

Yes. There's a refrigerator box which fits into the trunk of the car. It is made of metal, insulated, fitted with a lock and handles for carrying. There is an inside compartment for ice cubes or dry ice. It is splendid for taking perishable food to and from the cottage and on picnics.

And we know you'll find a half dozen uses for a gallon thermos jug.

### Special Pointers

Don't forget to take plenty of canned condensed soups.

Check your list to make sure you have such important items as salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, flour, white sugar, baking soda.

Other items which you may like to have on hand include dried fruits, ready to eat and packaged cereals, salad dressing or mayonnaise, various kinds of cheese, relishes, jams and jellies.

### ECONOMY MEAT LOAF

|                                        |                                             |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1 pound minced round or chuck steaks   | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley               |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt            | 1 egg, beaten                               |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper          | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup condensed tomato soup     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage            | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce |
| 2-3 cup quick-cooking oats             | 2 strips side bacon                         |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion |                                             |

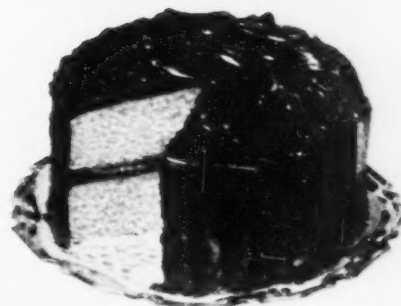
Combine all ingredients thoroughly in large mixing bowl. Shape into loaf with hands on greased shallow bake dish. Top with strips of bacon. Bake at 325 deg. F. for  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Yield: 4 servings. For large meat loaf double the amount of ingredients above and shape into one large loaf. If desired, double quantity may be made into 2 loaves—one to serve hot, the other cold. *Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

### DATE AND NUT CAKE

|                                  |                                      |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 cup butter or margarine        | 1 pound pitted dates (cut in pieces) |
| 1 cup granulated sugar           | 1 cup walnuts (coarsely chopped)     |
| 2 eggs, separated                | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water         |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour |                                      |
| 1 teaspoon soda                  |                                      |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt      |                                      |

Cut dates in  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch pieces. Chop nuts. Grease a 9 x 9 x 22 inch pan and preheat oven to 350 deg. F. Then sift flour and measure. Reserve  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup to flour dates and nuts. To remaining flour add soda and salt and sift again onto waxed paper. Cream butter or margarine and sugar until well blended. Beat egg yolks and add to butter (or margarine) and sugar mixture and beat until light and fluffy. Add flour gradually, then dates and walnuts. Next add cold water and lastly fold in well-beaten egg whites. Bake at 350 deg. F. (moderately hot oven) about 1 hour. *Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

**Now you can bake a cake**



**and broil a steak**

**at the same time in the same oven!**

**Never before has there been  
anything like Frigidaire's amazing,  
new "Wonder Oven" Range!**

THINK OF IT! Now you can roast a chicken at 325 degrees while you're baking your pies at 425 degrees—and all in the *same oven*. You can pair up biscuits with cake, rolls with a roast, custards with steaks. Because this new range has an oven that becomes either two ovens or one large oven, in just a few seconds!

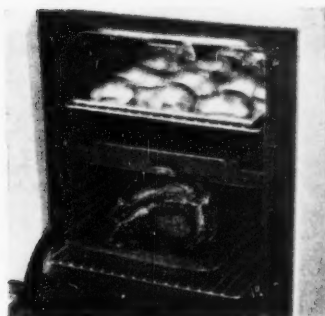
That's the *biggest* news about this wonderful, new range. But it has a lot of other things that'll excite you, too. There's the new Cook-Master Oven Clock Control

that cooks meals automatically—even while you're away from home. You'll also be impressed with the new 5-speed Radiant-tube Surface Units that give you more heat for less current. And you'll love Frigidaire's Lifetime Porcelain, inside and out, that makes this beautiful range so easy to keep clean.

So—whatever you do—don't fail to see Frigidaire's great, new "Wonder Oven" Range. You'll find it on display right now—at your Frigidaire Dealer's.

**LOOK—**

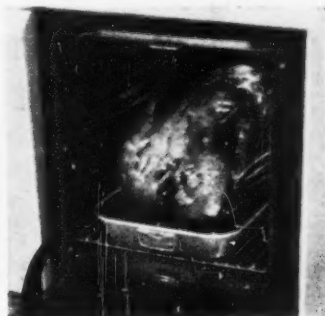
here it's two ovens



**You have** two separate ovens when the movable Divider heating-unit is in center position. A porcelain finished door slides out of the Divider and drops down in front, completely closing the lower oven.

**NOW—**

it's one big oven!



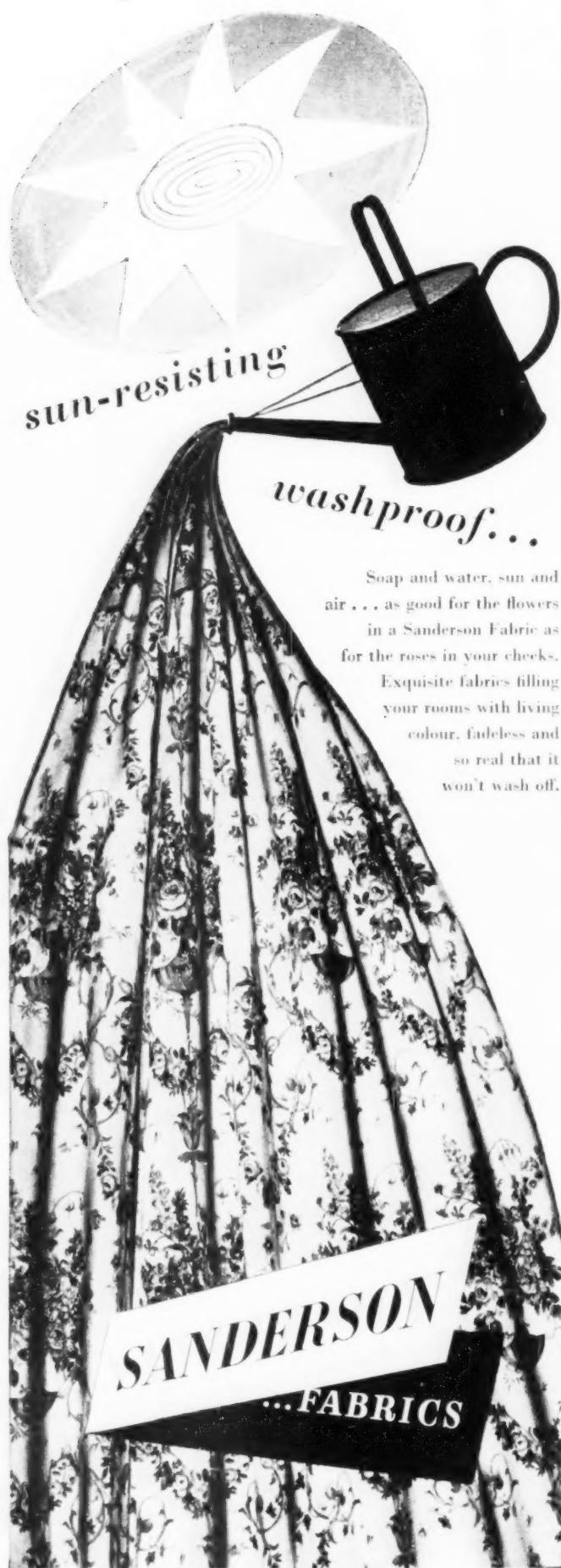
**Simply move** Divider to bottom position and you have one big oven that is twice as large. Holds a 30-pound turkey—or two pies, a large casserole, and a dozen baked potatoes, all at the same time!



Learn about Frigidaire's sensational new "Wonder Oven" Electric Range—and the complete line of Frigidaire Ranges in several different models—at your Frigidaire Dealer's. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory. Or write Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Leaside, Ontario, for name of dealer nearest you.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications and prices, or discontinue models, without notice.

**Frigidaire**   
**Electric Ranges**



MADE AT LONDON, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND  
Agents: W. G. McJannett & Co., Ltd., 61 Wellington St. West, Toronto, Canada

## THIS DRESS IS A RUNNER

Continued from page 24

also had a butterfly decoration and which sold 35,000 copies in three years. He decided to gamble on cutting 1,000 of No. 1195.

News that Ann Wilson was stuck on the butterfly number was passed on to Genender's other travelers when they arrived to see the line: Joe Bernstein, who sells the same line from the Prairies to the Pacific, and Maritimes representative Max Hornstein, as well as Genender's Quebec commission man, Harry Wiseman. By the middle of March, in sample rooms across Canada, all these salesmen were showing the butterfly dress to store buyers and saying "Mark my words—it's a runner!"

The first orders reached Montreal on March 12, but by that time Genender's shop had already run up 287 dresses, most of which might have been left on his hands if the runner had turned out to be a dog. But in the next two weeks 903 butterfly dresses had been booked—more than twice the sale of an average success.

No. 1195 began to run under Albert Genender's Montreal sewing machines as water through a flume. It was shipped off to establishments like the Model Shop in Saint John's, Newfoundland, and Eva's in Campbelltown, N.B. In Quebec City La Mode Française took it up, and in Montreal so did Fraid's. Ontario buyers booked it for McNab's of Belleville, Joy Frocks of Toronto, the Paris Shop in Brantford and John Smith's of Windsor. Out West salesgirls prepared to show it in the Varsity Shop, Winnipeg, in Calgary's Style Shop, at the Walk-Rite in Edmonton and Laurie's Ltd., of Vancouver.

By April 19 Genender had received orders for 1012, so confident were store buyers in this dress which wouldn't even go on sale till June. The final measure of its success was still a question mark, but there no longer seems a doubt in the world—the butterfly is a runner.

Some 500 of these orders had been placed by Jim and Ann Wilson in the rich Ontario market. But away back at the beginning of March, when she had declared, "We can place 450 of this one," how had Ann Wilson known?

Because, she'll tell you, even simple summer dresses this year have to be a little more elaborate. "Last year girls found their summer numbers were fine for day wear but not sufficiently formal for those unexpected evening parties." Ann can give you other reasons, too, but she'll always end by asking, "Who knows what puts a song on the hit parade? Somehow you just feel a dress is right, instinctively."

### One Night Out—\$150

Says Albert Genender: "Ann Wilson has the strongest style sense in Canada for popular-priced garments. Her husband happens to be one of the best salesmen in the business. They are a unique pair."

The pair can be seen in action most weekdays in sample room 212 at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, a big L-shaped room squared off by a folding screen which hides racks of dresses and a double bed. Here models quick-change

all  
summer long

*Not a hair  
out of place*



**PRINCESS PAT**  
HAIR NETS

save the premium coupons



## THE GIRL WHO STARTED A GOLD RUSH

Blonde, brunette or redhead, you can lighten your hair as little or as much as you wish. For natural highlights, dilute Golden Hair Wash, leave on long enough to lighten a little.

For that pure gold look, use it full strength, leave it on till hair is the exact shade you wish.

Not a dye. Not an expensive "treatment." It's complete and easy to use. It lightens arm and leg hair, too!

3 3/4 oz.  
65c





their way through the Wilsons' lines over and over again as buyers come and go throughout the day. And here the Wilsons sleep instead of going home, while working their regular nine-to-midnight shift during the four busy seasons—March (summer lines), June and July (fall), September (winter) and November-to-January (spring).

Buyers come to visit the Wilsons and other manufacturers' representatives along the Royal York's sample-room row from tiny specialty shops, rambling small-town draperies and city department stores all over the province. Many nearby retailers come after 6 p.m. when they have closed their shops for the day. For the same reason some out-of-town buyers can only come to town on week ends.

A bucket of ice and a stock of good rye whisky are almost as much standard equipment in the Wilsons' sample rooms as the dress racks. The same can be said for most of their competitors, but the high-spirited Wilsons seem to inject an added shot of party atmosphere into their business dealings. Most of their customers are solid, middle-aged men and women, but through long association with fashion they have acquired a well-preserved, well-dressed look and are quick to respond to the Wilsons' vitality.

Relaxing over highballs in the durable hotel furniture, buyers mix gags and stories with their shop talk, but they never fail to keep a shrewd eye on the new dresses in which models continuously emerge from behind the screen, to prow around the room making their classic turns and hesitations.

To many buyers, later in the evening, the Wilsons play hosts at a night club and Jim thinks nothing of picking up a tab for \$150. On first-name terms with nearly all of his customers, Jim takes flash photos of them which he sticks in a big album called "The Wilson Reporter," a volume which erroneously suggests that dress buying is more party than work.

### Modeling Is Wearing

During the seasonal buying weeks it is traditional in the garment trade to have a good time. "Why not?" asked one of the Wilsons' regular customers recently. "The rest of the year we are stuck in our stores all day and holed up all night keeping books."

The Wilsons rarely sell "off the rack." Even a veteran buyer who has looked over thousands of dresses can only judge the style and fit of a gown by seeing it on a living model. The Wilsons employ one to three models at \$10 a day—\$15 if the girls work on through the evening.

One way the Wilsons score as a team is by being able to handle two buyers at once. Customers do not mind viewing a line in each other's company but they like some privacy when it comes to signing their orders. In sample room 212 one customer can do his booking with Ann in one corner while Jim describes the line to another.

Ann Wilson does a lot of modeling herself, for she can do a better sales job by showing off clothes on her own trim size 11 figure and talking them up at the same time. "We handle bathing suits, too, and sometimes I change in and out of so many tight suits in a day my skin gets sore."

Toward the end of each buying season the Wilsons pack huge trunks and spend several days showing in Hamilton, London and Windsor, catching up with customers who've not had time to visit Toronto. Once or twice a year they make a motor tour round the smaller Ontario towns, not so much to book orders but just to say hello and keep their contacts warm.

Their experience of hotel life is wide and deep. Jim says: "We know every hotel noise there is and nothing bothers us any more. We could sleep between a New Year's party and an indoor fireworks display."

A woman customer called at the Royal York showroom at 8 a.m. one day. "I hadn't got my face on," recalls Ann, who rushed for the bathroom while Jim opened the door. The customer didn't care that no models were on hand yet. She wanted to do her buying there and then from the racks.

"Holy crow!" says Ann, "the time that woman stayed. The longer I sat in the bathroom the more embarrassing it became to go out. Finally, after about an hour the telephone rang. Jim answered it and casually called out: 'It's for you, Ann.'"

"I could have slain him—and you should have seen that woman's face when I walked out. She must have thought I slept in the tub."

### The Brush-off

The Wilsons used to own a budgerigar which they picked up from another traveler and which had been in the business so long it would shriek: "When are yah gonna sign the order?" and "How about a drink?"

One morning the budgerigar lighted on a woman buyer's hat. She was terrified, and when she sat down limply the bird hopped chummily to the arm of her chair and said, "Give us a smacker, honey!" Jim tried to mollify her by taking her picture and the flash bulb exploded in her face. "That was one bit of business we lost," says Ann.

It's generally agreed in the trade that the Wilsons' rise has been rocketlike. They were married during the war when Jim was running a YMCA canteen in northern B. C. After the war Jim went to the University of British Columbia and Ann kept things going by working as a store clerk and occasional model in Vancouver.

On graduation Jim got a job selling bathroom fixtures to builders but it bored him. Modeling jobs had shown Ann the postwar possibilities of the fashion trade and she suggested they plunge their savings on a trip to Montreal in 1946 to see if they could pick up some lines to sell out West.

They got a coat line, but the manufacturer wanted them to work in Ontario, a larger sales area. So the Wilsons staked their last bit of capital on rent of a sample room in the Royal York and started pounding the pavements persuading retailers to visit them.

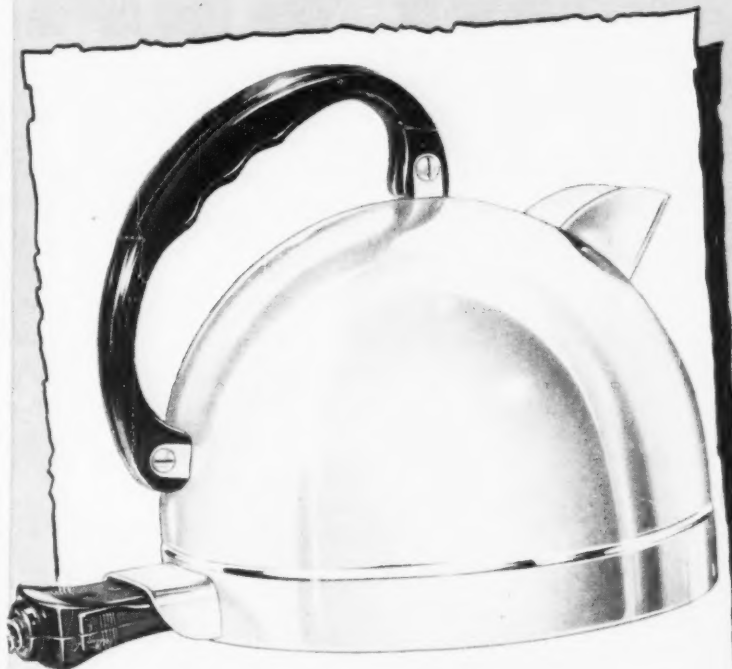
They found the garment trade a heartbreaking and highly competitive business. Many retailers would make appointments just to get rid of them and never turn up. Ann chased business by telephone until her ears rang.

Because two months may elapse after they sell a garment before they collect their commission, the Wilsons often found in their early days that they had



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The G-E Calrod element is right in the water . . . water gets all the heat . . . no current is wasted.

The G-E Kettle is the fastest way of boiling water in the home, at the office or at the summer cottage. It's a time-saver that will prove its worth many times every day. Gives you hot water, fast . . . for making tea or coffee, washing dishes, shaving or warming baby's bottle. Cannot overheat. Turns itself off automatically if it should boil dry. Holds 4 pints.

**\$16.50**

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# the *Miracle Capacity* **M<sup>c</sup>CLARY** **REFRIGERATOR**

All the modern features you've ever wanted are here at last in the McClary "Miracle Capacity" Refrigerator. It has more than 9 cubic feet capacity in a minimum of kitchen space. Completely cold from top to bottom; not a single inch is wasted! There's a full width freezer chest with three easy-to-use ice cube trays... ample storage for bottles... two deep,

roomy crisper drawers of transparent plastic so you can see their contents at a glance. And this refrigerator is so easy to keep clean! The gleaming titanium porcelain enamel interior will stay pure white indefinitely. See the "Miracle Capacity" McClary Refrigerator before you buy. You'll quickly recognize its new beauty... its many time and work saving features.



*Streamlined "27 Future" washer has automatic timer, Step-o-matic safety strainer.*



*Fully automatic "divided top" electric or gas range. Illuminated oven has "Clearvue" glass door.*



*Latest type winter air conditioning and warm air heating equipment.*



*Combination coal and electric ranges also available for coal and natural, manufactured or bottled gas.*

**M<sup>c</sup>CLARY**

GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED MAKERS OF DEPENDABLE HOME APPLIANCES, HEATING UNITS, HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS, COMMERCIAL FOOD SERVICE EQUIPMENT

plenty of money on paper but none in their pockets. Once they spent their last five dollars on a bottle of whisky for a big customer whom they knew liked a drink. This meant going without food all day and by nightfall when the customer had finished his buying Ann swears she could have eaten one of their own cloth coats. But when the big buyer reversed the usual procedure and insisted on taking them out to dinner, Ann barely restrained herself from falling on his neck.

The Wilsons struggled around small-town hotels, heaving trunks about dismal basement sample rooms. Once, in Belleville, Ann collapsed from overwork. Gradually as they became better known they found they could spend most of their time in Toronto and the buyers would come to them.

## QUEEN MARY

Continued from page 13

and the surrounding villages she must have seen many opportunities for useful work in which she would have liked to take a hand, but not only her shyness but also a thousand unwritten rules of procedure restrained her. Many years later, as Queen Mary, she was to make up for all that, and to set herself heartily to co-operating with the local institutions.

There is a story of a servant girl who found herself in distress. No one knows how Queen Mary came to hear of it, but when she did she behaved as perhaps no Queen before her would have done.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" she said, and without asking any questions, much less hurting the girl more by words of blame, she started at once to see how she could help.

By quiet enquiries the Queen learned that the girl would like to be a nurse, and found means to have her enter a training school. In due course the girl became a district nurse, gratefully, for the rest of her life, sharing her secret with the Queen.

Such a thing would have been unheard-of in the nineties when Princess May went to York Cottage as a young bride. Here the young Duchess cared for her babies, sewed and knitted by the fireside or in the garden, while her husband read to her books of history and travel, solid and serious books of the Duchess' choice. She was preparing herself to be the first modern Queen.

### Teeth as Jewelry

Often in talking with Queen Mary I have been surprised by some remark of hers showing her knowledge of the everyday problems of housewives. These are, of course, different in scale and sometimes in kind from those she has had to meet, living nearly all her life in great houses where housekeeping is a vast enterprise calling for many hands and an intricate organization. But Queen Mary has a thorough knowledge of the contents of every home she has lived in—even Windsor Castle, with its thousand and more rooms.

For me there is something almost magical in the fascination of Windsor Castle. A fortress and home for nearly 900 years, it is like a castle in a fairy

Dress salesman Ann Wilson's own wardrobe consists largely of simple, inexpensive suits and a few very feminine dresses, the kind of stuff she sells herself. Although she could well afford to dress in model gowns she says: "That would be crazy. What would the customers think of my own stuff if I did?" Jim, who is devoted to her, says, "If you cut holes for her head and arms, Ann would look good in a bag."

This summer she'll be looking even sweeter than that in a navy blue dress embroidered down one side with a row of butterflies and sparkling with plastic rhinestones. But instead of becoming furious when she sees other women wearing the same thing, Mrs. Wilson will turn gleefully to Mr. Wilson and say "There you are—I said this dress would be a runner." +

tale. The little princesses loved it too. They knew all about its ghosts, and were not afraid of them.

Windsor's most famous ghost is Herne the Hunter. Both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have read Harrison Ainsworth's hair-raising story of the apparition of the hanged man, with a stag's antlers on his head, riding through the forest.

"What I should like," said Princess Margaret to me once, "is to see Herne the Hunter galloping up the East Terrace, some moonlight night, blowing his horn."

Often, with the Princesses, I have had tea at Windsor Castle from the hands of Mrs. Bunning, the housekeeper, who took pride and pleasure in laying a delightful table in the summerhouse. I always loved to go round the house examining the curious and beautiful objects set out on glass-topped tables.

In a glass case were Queen Victoria's children's first teeth, mounted like pearls; I wonder how many mothers nowadays preserve such intimate souvenirs? One bracelet always fascinated me. Its links were painted miniatures of the eyes of all Queen Victoria's children.

But to me the loveliest sight of all at Windsor was to see Queen Mary, erect, dignified, silent, walking under the trees near the big castle, reliving the days of her youth and the memories of more than 60 years.

### Gift From A Queen

I well remember Queen Mary's first visit to me in my own little home, Nottingham Cottage, next door to her own birthplace, Kensington Palace. This is the cottage presented to me by King George VI when I resigned, after 17 years as governess to the princesses, to be married.

It was soon after my marriage that she sent me a note asking if I would be at home on the following afternoon as she would like to call and see me.

When her chauffeur rang the doorbell, I saw that he had a parcel in his hand which he laid on the hall table.

"A little gift for you, my dear," said Queen Mary. How thoughtful it was of Her Majesty to remember that in my native Scotland, as in parts of Northern England, it is the friendly custom on visiting a home for the first time to "handel" the house—that is, to bring a present. In this case the gift

## "At last, I've really STARTED TO SAVE

Heat, clothes, groceries, the mortgage. My pay cheque seemed to take a beating every week. Much as I wanted to, I never got round to putting money aside regularly.

So I said "No thanks" when the Mutual Life representative called. I didn't think my pay cheque would stand another demand . . . but he showed me how essential it is for everybody to save for the future and how life insurance is the best way to do it. We juggled our budget a little and, here I am saving money at last . . . something I'd always wanted to do."



### "And the savings protect us too

My husband is a more contented man now that he's 'salting away a little' — as he puts it.

My attitude to this Mutual Life policy of ours is that it's an important step towards independence. Knowing that it's in our safety deposit box is the kind of security you can't put into words, but I certainly feel comforted when I think of the children and the protection it would provide for us if anything should happen."

**Everybody NEEDS Life Insurance  
Everybody can afford it**

MM-11

THE

# MUTUAL LIFE

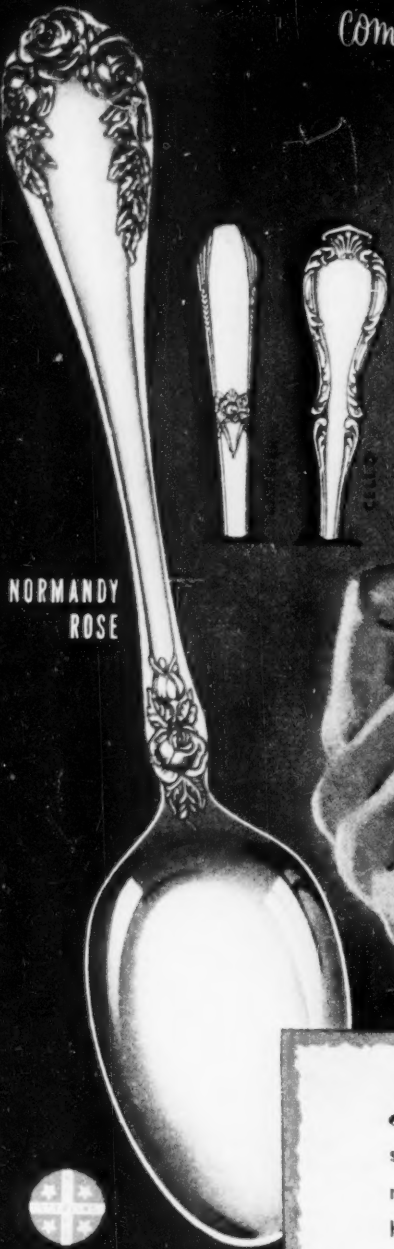
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was a Dundee cake which had come from Canada.

But of course Queen Mary was not visiting Nottingham Cottage for the first time. She had known it from her childhood. She went with me through all the familiar rooms, recalling to her mind every cupboard and corner.

"You ought to have some pictures for your walls," she said. "Do come over to Marlborough House and choose some."

A little later I did so. I hesitated between some flower pictures in water color and a set of the 12 famous "Cries of London" prints, and at last I voted for flowers.

Next day the pictures were delivered to my home. With them came two men to hang them—another example of Queen Mary's extreme thoughtfulness. And she herself called to see how the pictures looked on my walls.

Queen Mary goes to a great deal of trouble to choose a present for anyone. She likes to be sure of giving something that the recipient really likes and perhaps has wanted for some time.

On one occasion, as a Christmas present, I received from Queen Mary the most happy surprise that I could imagine. When I opened the box and unpacked a lovely blue bedside lamp, I remembered that Queen Mary, in visiting my house, had noticed that in one bedroom there was no lamp beside the bed. Not only had she noticed that, but also the blue walls and decorations. And the blue of the lamp was a perfect match.

Her helpfulness extended beyond mere gifts. Another time she visited me at Nottingham Cottage, and gave me good advice about my very small garden, which at that time consisted mostly of unruly grass.

"Do dig up the grass," she said, "and have a gay herbaceous border." When I told Queen Mary that I had thought of planting a hedge, she said at once, "Plant a flowering hedge. Privet is so ugly, and there are so many flowering shrubs."

I took her advice, and today there is a hedge of lovely forsythia. I also remember that morning when she was planning my garden for me, seeing her glance at the walls and wondering if she was looking for ivy. If she had found any I am sure that she would have called for a pair of secateurs and snipped it off.

For if there is anything she dislikes more than privet, it is ivy, which she considers useless and no ornament. No ivy-clad towers for her. Her feud with ivy at Windsor Castle was war to the knife, which she often wielded with her own hand.

#### She Learned Billiards

Much of the tidiness, punctuality, thrift and industry which would have made Queen Mary a great success in any sphere of life must have been in her character in the days when, as Duchess of York, she was a young housewife at York Cottage.

She was perhaps the first queen in history to interest herself deeply in the details of running her own house, and that, perhaps, was because the house was small enough to invite such interest and to give her the opportunity to indulge it.

There was not even a spare room at

York Cottage and when there were guests, accommodation had to be found for them in other parts of the estate. However, it is interesting that while the house was being got ready, the Duchess saw that a billiard table was installed, because she knew that her husband enjoyed the restful pastime. She herself set out to master the game, and before long she could often beat her husband at it.

Everything ran like clockwork at York cottage. Meals were served exactly on time. Every day the young Duchess inspected the kitchen and planned the simple meals that both she and the Duke of York preferred to the elaborate fare of the other royal houses.

In June, 1894, almost a year after her marriage, the Duchess of York arrived at White Lodge for a prolonged stay with her mother, the Duchess of Teck. Three weeks later the Duke of York wrote in his diary:

"White Lodge, 23 June. — At 10 o'clock a sweet little boy was born and weighed eight lbs."

The dear little boy was the future Duke of Windsor.

Of all Queen Mary's children only Edward was not born in York Cottage. Our present King George VI was born in the small white bedroom at York Cottage on December 14, 1895.

In October 1899 the Boer War began. It dragged on longer than anyone had expected and the strain told on Queen Victoria, then eighty-one. In 1901 she went to her country house at Osborne, Isle of Wight, and there she died.

"I saw her peaceful end," wrote the Duchess of York.

To our grandfathers the death of Queen Victoria must have seemed almost like the end of the world. Certainly for those who had lived in that great age a curtain had fallen; but for the new generation the curtain was rising on a new century, with new ways of living and thinking.

On Victoria's death Edward VII came to the throne but kingship came to him late in life. He was old and tired. The Boer War still dragged on and gloom hung over the nation.

But for his son, the Duke of York, a new life was about to begin. A few weeks after the death of Queen Victoria he and his beautiful Duchess were to leave their home and their children to open the new Commonwealth parliament at Melbourne in the spring of 1901. It was the greatest Royal Odyssey ever heard of—45,000 miles and 33,000 of them by sea.

They called at Gibraltar, Malta, Aden and Ceylon, and the queen-to-be became the first British princess to cross the Equator. They saw in the cities, lands and peoples of Australia, New Zealand and Canada, for the first time, what the British Empire really meant.

And at last, after the months of absence they came home to their children, who stood with King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra on the deck of the Royal yacht to welcome them.

In next month's *Chatelaine* "Craic" relates how Queen Mary shared the concern of other mothers as she saw her sons go off to war; and sketches a delightful picture of the Queen Mother today as the "children's queen," with her own grandchildren and great-grandchildren the particular objects of her affection. +

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All cleansers are NOT alike! And until you try Old Dutch you can't possibly know how fast and easy your cleaning can go. Old Dutch outcleans every other leading cleanser—bar none! More than twice the speed... cuts grease faster... floats away dirt and grime with REAL sudsing action! For faster, easier cleaning—Old Dutch!





Really grown up she feels now. It's the first time her mother has asked the daughter's advice about anything as important and personal as *monitory* sanitary protection. "You seem so gay and unconcerned on those days. What is the secret?" her mother had said. The girl's answer contained just one word—"Tampax."

Doctor-invented Tampax is not designed for any class or group, but for women generally. Its *internally absorbent* principle is greatly appreciated among college students, secretaries, nurses, housewives and others who must move about, mix with shopping crowds, etc. . . . Tampax consists of pure surgical cotton contained in slender applicators for easy insertion. No belts, no pins—no odor or chafing.

Remember, you can't feel the Tampax while wearing it. No bulges or edgelines under summer dresses or swim suits. Quick to change—easy to dispose of. . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into your purse. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont.



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### THREE WORLDS

Continued from page 5

people live in such a village. From such people, seated upon the ground before their little dung-cake fires, are we to expect an army officer to recruit soldiers to go off to Korea or Formosa or anywhere else to fight Communists because Communists are overthrowing the rich?

Nor is life any better in the cities. In Calcutta the homeless sleep on the sidewalks with perhaps a sheet of newspaper as a ground blanket. In just one block in front of my hotel I counted more than 200 fellow citizens of our Commonwealth prone on the pavement. In Karachi I walked several hours in one refugee camp which held 900,000 pitiful people. I saw 15 adults and children in a hut 10 feet long and six feet wide.

#### Feeding on Starvation

I saw a man squatting tensely on his haunches before a hole he had made in the ground about the size of a porridge bowl. In the hole was a tiny fire. Lying on the fire itself was one horribly desiccated cob of corn. He gazed at it in admiration, gnawed it, and threw the small husk to a nearby cow.

Surely the basic fact behind the world's unrest today is that "we" have so much and others have so little. Oh yes, there is also the plotting mind of the Kremlin. But its monstrous policy feeds on unrest and discontent and it will continue to do so. Human misery, oppression, slavery—when these pressures are absent Communism is seen to offer nothing but annihilation of the individual. This isn't going to win friends or influence people.

I don't pretend to be advancing new ideas.

Lester Pearson, Canada's Minister for External Affairs, has said that "it is impossible to have a healthy world society when whole nations are subject to starvation and disease." He has declared that "Within the measure of

On Canada's 34th birthday a famous French-Canadian novelist takes a look at our French-English problem, and decides:

**WE'RE CLOSER THAN WE THINK**



A thought-provoking article by

**Roger Lemolin**



**IN JULY CHATELAINE**



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its resources Canada should, I think, do its part to help . . . promote human welfare and hence to ensure peace."

Well, that's clear enough. But what are we doing? It seems that something stands between Mr. Pearson's pleadings and his deeds. The cabinet, perhaps? Or the Canadian people? Or both?

More than a year ago the Commonwealth countries got together in Colombo, Ceylon, and decided the East needed \$5 billion of help over six years—\$2 billion from the East itself, \$3 billion from the rest of us. Finally, last January, Lester Pearson told the Commons hesitantly that Canada was going to do something about the Colombo Plan, but he was able to announce only that for the first year Canada would put up \$25 million—and that only "provided it was clear that other contributing countries would be making appropriate contributions."

Mr. Pearson then added that some of the \$25 million might go in the shape of wheat (but not our best wheat). That's as far as we've gone in the Colombo Plan so far. Australia, with half our population and less than half our wealth, has put up \$21 million for the first year.

#### Our Waistlines Are Intact

Last June the Canadian Parliament voted \$400,000 toward another plan to extend technical assistance, but so far none has been spent except to set up our own administrative office! Our record of help is completed with mention of \$850,000 which has been our share of a UN scheme for technical aid.

Reasons for our shyness in coming forward, as given by government spokesmen are: First—Canada is doing her main anti-Communist job in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and in preparing to meet European commitments. Second—Canada is putting up military forces for Europe and Asia and our money for economic aid is therefore lessened. Third—Unless and until we know that all other Commonwealth countries, as well as the United States, will carry their share there is no use in our going the way alone.

There is a little validity in all three reasons, but only the first one is of real weight. Possibly our part in the North Atlantic Treaty commitments does throw out of balance comparison of our Colombo Plan role with that, say, of Australia. But Australia, too, has other responsibilities, and she does have less to offer.

It seems to me the real yardstick is: Are we giving so much that it is reducing our waistlines or hindering our economic processes or weakening our European defense forces? If so, presumably we can give no more. But I know of no bread lines or starvation areas or bulletless rifles in Canada's present picture.

My belief is that Canada is better fed, better clothed, better housed, better supported by untapped resources than any country in the world. If Mr. Pearson is right in saying that it is "impossible" to have a healthy world with some parts in comfort and others in tragedy, then presumably the parts in comfort should lead the way in giving. Perhaps I hear you say the United States has more to give. Yes. And she is giving more—to the East, to

*Continued on page 60*



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**"THEY WEAR WELL ON DAD"**

Continued from page 58  
Europe, to countries which have never  
known Canadian generosity.

### We Can't Buy Friends

But whoa a minute! I'm making the same mistake I wish others wouldn't make! The tone has crept in here that this is a matter of generosity. It can be that—but it is also as much a matter of self-preservation as is sending troops to Korea or Germany. Either we are to help the ill-off countries get to their feet or we are to watch them turn to Communism. For Communism promises plenty. And as a matter of fact, Communism has more to offer the Easterner than promises, as a close look at the improved conditions in China will show.

If we don't help the Easterners we may have to fight them later—or lose by default. As Emerson said once: "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Despite the vastness of the problem, we can help, and usefully, even "within the measure of our resources." And it may not take such a colossal lot to make a colossal difference. There is soil in all these lands and manpower and sun, and there's water if it can be controlled. We just need to help them over the top, give them guidance and some self-confidence.

The Colombo Plan alone, according to report, can achieve such results as these: A 13-million-acre increase (31%) in land under cultivation. A 13-million-acre increase (17%) in land under irrigation. A 6-million-ton increase (10%) in food-grain production. An

increase of 1.1 million kilowatts (67%) in electric generating capacity.

The Colombo Plan's results would be spread over the whole vast area, varying in nature as to need. In India three contemplated river valley control schemes would irrigate 6 million new acres of land and increase electric power production by half. In Pakistan agricultural output would increase by one third. In Ceylon hospital accommodation would be doubled, industrial production would jump ahead. In Malaya rubber and rice production would be stepped up and education facilities improved. In Singapore the emphasis would be on health, education and housing. In British Borneo there's vast war damage still to be repaired.

But—we must let the Eastern people live their lives. We'll not buy them over to democracy or capitalism or anti-Communism with a few billion dollars. They aren't pro-Communist now, or anti-Communist. We'll not change that indifference with a few dollars. But we might, with a few dollars well spent, enable them to decide to remain independent of Communism. And that's all we need for now.

### Ashamed of Our Luck

May I stress again that we can't buy these people? They may be poor but they have their simple dignity and their sense of the fitness of things. We should be jealous of their fundamental strength and goodness, rather than cynical of their childlike faiths and critical of their sloth and indolence. If I may say so, I fear even our Christian church is a little smug when it looks to the East

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and says benignly, "Now children, we're going to change all this and bring you the real religion." After all, Jesus did tell us that in His Father's house are many mansions.

Well, I seem to be sermonizing and I mustn't. But really, if you'd seen what I saw out there I'm sure that you too would come back a little humbled, a little ashamed of our luck and our comfort and, above all, of our easy assumption that we have these things by divine right.

My own feeling is that were there no such thing as Communism, no war, no Russia, no Soviet propaganda, Canadians should want by their own instinctive impulses to do what they can to

help those people out beyond the sunset. Those people, those human beings, those fellow citizens of this world, are in need, in the kind of need-without-hope that not even our hardy great-grandparents who opened our country could ever imagine.

But there is Communism and there is Russia.

It isn't often that the decent thing to do for one's neighbor is also the essential and selfish thing to do for one's own preservation. Do let us see this in all its truth, so that Korea and the necessary task we have tried to do there becomes only a portion of our sense of community with the people of the East, and with Peace. +



Company executives, Mr. Stephen Shiner and Mr. Peter Williamson discuss with Institute Director, Marie Holmes, various features in the construction of Ekco products.

## The Institute APPROVES



The finest detail in the construction of a handle is of major importance to the Institute when kitchen utensils and tools are being examined for our Seal of Approval.

This was a point carefully studied as part of the routine for the cutlery submitted to us by the Ekco Products Company (Canada) Ltd. To meet the Institute standards handles and blades must be securely attached so they will stand up under constant use for a long period.

We feel this phase of our examination is of as much value in summing up such a product as practical day-by-day use in the Institute kitchen.

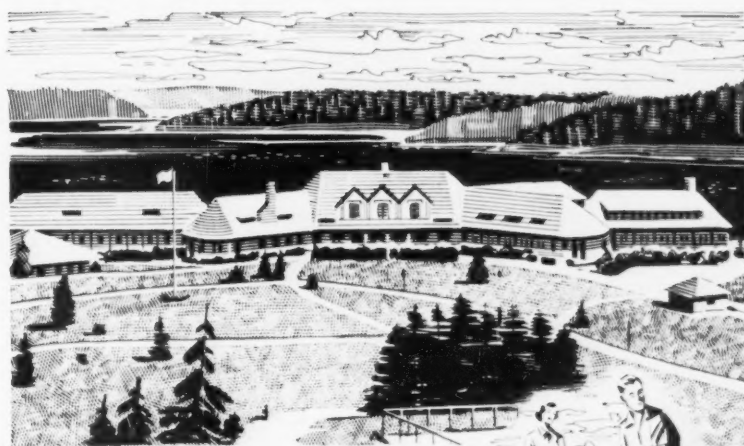
In testing this company's stainless steel utensils, we stressed construction and shape of handles as well as the utensils themselves. Each was put through cooking tests on both our gas and electric ranges.

While products of the Ekco company are still coming into the Institute for testing, we have to date approved Flint Stainless Steel Cutlery, the Ekconomic Pressure Cooker and Ekco-ware utensils. They have all been given thorough kitchen tests and have passed our physicist's examination for sturdy construction. Today they bear the Chatelaine Seal of Approval.



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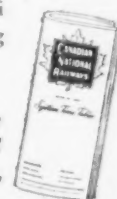
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## I HATE MY STEPMOTHER

*Continued from page 7*

I know. I have not only suffered these things as a child; I have been guilty of some of them despite my own experiences—or maybe because of them.

That day when the phone rang I had been a bride for a week. Memories of a happy honeymoon mingled in my mind with the eager plans my husband and I had made about how we should all live together. Brian's slow, visible wilting struck like hail. Why, the boy didn't even know what to call me!

I was worse than a stranger. I was an alien.

That was where we made our first mistake and looking back over the 20 years I know the mistake was mine. The boys were at camp and I should have seen that my future husband told them fully of our proposed marriage before it actually occurred, even though they knew me and must have known the marriage was in the wind. For I remembered the ache in my own heart when I learned that my father had married again, the feeling that I had lost him as well as my mother. I knew, as I still do, that 12 is a very, very lonely time when no one takes trouble to reassure you that you are loved and wanted.

### Duty, Not Love

Eager to please the boys I had asked about and prepared their favorite dishes for their home-coming supper. Now I'm trying to recall whether they ate any supper at all that evening. I'm trying, too, to decide what other preparations I should have made besides the meal.

What should any woman do who finds herself in what has been another mother's home? For her new children the situation carries so many inherent irritations—clothes in the bottom drawer instead of the top; dinner in the dining room instead of in the breakfast nook; pyjamas hung up and not tucked under a pillow, doughnuts in the old stone jar which has always held oatmeal cookies.

In such a situation only years can supply detachment and perspective. Even after 20 of them it is just recently that I have been able to discuss it at all. But as I write this I am trying to assess my own failures as a stepmother and those of the woman who was my stepmother.

Perhaps I'd better go back to the beginning, back to my own childhood and there start to find the source of my own clumsy bending-over-backward.

I'm sure that my own stepmother was convinced that she had given up her life for her five stepdaughters. Certainly she often told us she had. She loved my father and the fact that she tolerated his children at all was, to her, a most generous gesture.

We weren't driven out of our home, or sent to relatives or to an institution. We all stayed together and in fact she made an issue of seeing that each of us girls learned how to cook and keep house, no matter how irksome the tasks might be. No one could say she neglected her duty to us.

But duty is so cold, so aloof. It is so unlike the warm smile, the cuddling mother's arms we had known that the

contrast cut into our lonely little souls. I remember well the day my little sister had to set the table when an important relative of stepmother's came to dinner. That day we had a dessert which was a great favorite with nine-year-old Tessa. In her excitement she counted out only the usual number of dessert plates.

### Mother Was Banished

The dessert was brought in, a luminous ruby-jelly-and-cake concoction iced with whipped cream. I still can't think of it without a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. My stepmother looked at her little stepdaughter, at the mouth-watering dessert and then she counted the plates. Her instant frown told that she interpreted the shortage as a snub to her visiting cousin.

"I see you don't want any dessert Tessa," she said icily. "You haven't brought a plate for yourself."

The little girl jumped up to run after another plate.

"No!" commanded stepmother with that hard look veiled by a smile which we had all come to dread. "Sit down. We don't want you to have dessert if you don't want any."

I said my sister could have mine. Then neither of us had any dessert for a week.

Stepmother was bitterly jealous of my mother with a jealousy which at times changed her very expression. The slightest mention of our own mother resulted in her going to bed with "one of my heads."

Within days of stepmother's arrival every picture of mother was banished. New furniture took the place of pieces dear to us—mother's rocking chair, her sewing box, the dog-eared music she had used. (From long perspective and my own experience I know she had to make changes, though I do feel it was done too peremptorily. As a result, I didn't make enough changes.) Gone forever was the warm happy custom of being read to in bed. And woe betide the one who asked for a drink after she was in bed.

One of the worst episodes occurred on my 16th birthday. Father gave me a string of pearls.

"They'll go with your mother's ring," he said with a rare burst of affection that brought stinging tears to my eyes and drove me out of the room. Stepmother was so jealous she called off my birthday party and had "one of her heads."

What we had to call her caused as much heartbreak as anything. We had known her by a nickname previous to the wedding but afterward we were told flatly that we must call her mother or an equivalent—or forfeit a month's pocket money for each breach. I wish all stepmothers could understand how terribly it hurts a child at first to have to make this outward gesture of disloyalty to the dear one who is gone.

### With Boys It's Easier

In my own case that phone call raised the issue early. After an awkward attempt or two my eldest stepson called me by my first name. His brothers followed suit and everyone seemed satisfied. I certainly was.

My own stepmother forever ruined mother's day the year we children



## To The Freshman Housekeeper

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decided to "dib in" our money and buy her some flowers. Unfortunately the sister who bought the flowers put the word "regards" on the accompanying card instead of love. It was a youthful slip and not an intentional hurt. Stepmother received the flowers and read the card while we eagerly anticipated her delighted approval.

"Regards!" The word came out like a hiss. "Regards! Is this the insult I receive after five years devotion to you ungrateful children?"

With one quick stride she was beside the kitchen stove. Lifting the lid she rammed the flowers into the flames, box and all.

All these hurts healed slowly because they occurred in childhood and struck deep. Mine were still raw when at the age of 25 I found myself being attracted to a good-looking widower with three young sons. At first I was horrified when he mentioned marriage, because that would make me a wicked stepmother. But the day came when I told myself I didn't have to be that sort of stepmother, that I would be the first of a new breed.

We were married in summer and, back from our honeymoon, I prepared a wonderful dinner to welcome my new stepsons home from their camp. And that was when my optimistic dreams of easy success were shattered by the ringing telephone and young Brian's bewildered stammer, "It's for—ber."

I feel fortunate that my stepchildren were all boys. Boys don't get as easily upset over domestic trifles as girls do, and there is that general rapport between the sexes regardless of age with the added inherent gallantry which goes with the male of the species. But they are sticklers for fair play.

On our first Christmas we had had dinner at home and then my husband took us all to a show. I felt I had done my duty to my new family and the following day I invited my own relatives in for a party. Proudly I introduced my stepsons to their new in-laws and the boys behaved beautifully—or maybe it was merely dutifully. I didn't think anything of it when after dinner the boys disappeared, until later I commented on the good time we'd had. "It was fine," said my husband, "except that there was no one here from our side of the family."

I'd done my duty all right. But real, heartfelt interest would have told me that my stepsons were going to miss the cousins who had been at every Christmas party they could remember.

### "Don't Interfere"

I can honestly say I wasn't jealous of my husband's first wife. When I arrived in my new home I naturally found many family pictures, including one of my husband's first—wedding groups. I took a good look at that picture and told myself I could accept it. But I just couldn't make myself forget that it was there. Finally I screwed up enough courage to ask my husband if he'd mind putting it away. He gave the picture an almost startled glance and, as he quite willingly removed it, I realized that he had become so used to the photograph he'd forgotten it was there.

The boys were quick to notice its absence, though. The 14-year-old spoke to me about it, politely but with candor.

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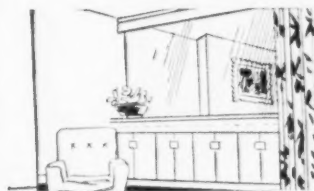
## Your Enduring Home

Here are some of the 72 building hints in our handy new reference book "How to Build a Better Home". We sincerely hope they will help you to get the most out of the biggest investment you may ever make.

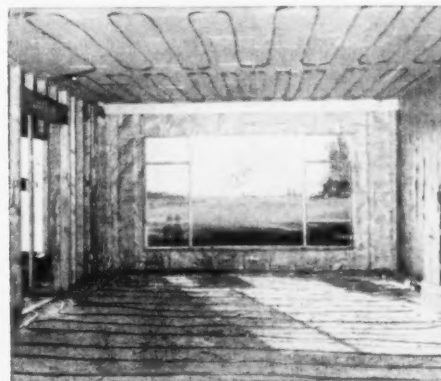
**54.** Hardwood flooring is laid on top of diagonal or plywood sub-flooring, separated from it by a layer of moisture-proof building paper. It looks best if the floor boards run parallel to the long walls of the room. Finishing calls for sanding, tiling, staining (if required), shellacking and waxing. Linoleum may be laid in the form of rolls or tiles.



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"We didn't ask you to come here to live," he said. "And you might as well know that some things just aren't your business, things like pictures."

I felt justified in my stand, and explained how I felt about it. To my delight he saw my point and suggested that the place for such pictures really ought to be in his and his brothers' rooms.

That conversation developed into something very rewarding. During our talk I acquired a bit of the most illumi-

nating advice a stepmother could hear: "What a man wants," stated the lad of 14, "is to have his meals ready, his clothes cleaned and mended and where they belong, and not to be interfered with."

My greatest heartache occurred the evening they all ignored me, my husband and his sons. It had been a fine spring day. We had all been working in the garden when they suddenly went off in the car—without me, and without any comment. On their return two or

three hours later, I asked where they had been. The boys gave me a polite brush-off. When I foolishly persisted my husband informed me brusquely that, if I had to know, they had been at the cemetery cleaning up his first wife's grave. I didn't resent that. But I did feel I had been put in an unpleasant position where I had to know where they were. Before we got that perfectly understandable situation ironed out they had all gone off to a movie and I spent a miserable evening having

a good cry in the park and trying to decide whether I should quit right then. Fortunately for me I didn't quit.

The happiest moment of my career as a stepmother was the first time one of my stepchildren talked to me frankly and as a person about our relationship. It is a moment worth waiting for.

It occurred on the eve of my eldest stepson's marriage—many years after my own marriage. We had all come home after the wedding rehearsal and he and I were seeing what the refrigerator held for a midnight snack. Over a sandwich I said how pretty his fiancée had looked at the rehearsal and then I remarked that almost everyone in town must have known he was going to marry her before I did.

"Well"—he gave me a long, level look—"you and father didn't tell me much about when you were being married!"

#### Frank Talk Helps

It would be a breach of confidence to put down all we talked about that night. But it was three o'clock before I remembered that he had a big day ahead of him—his wedding day—and that he'd better get some sleep. For myself, there was no desire for sleep just then. I felt that a great barrier to my happiness had been broken down and I wanted to savor the occasion. I am certain that at his wedding his own mother couldn't have wished him happiness more sincerely or with greater affection than did I, his stepmother.

Savoring hindsight is, I suppose, a sign of growing older, perhaps of maturity. It isn't as exciting as looking ahead, but it does possess the virtue of viewing life with perspective. And if I were to sum up my experience I'd say that two factors are essential to a successful stepmother—courtesy and consideration.

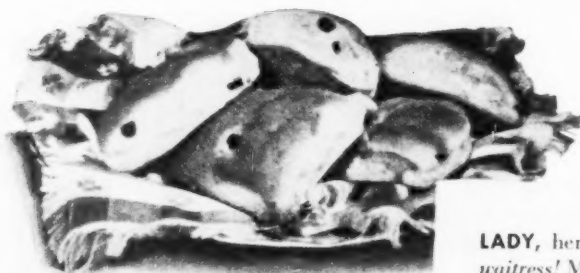
If I could begin over again I'd invite my future stepchildren to discuss our coming relationship frankly. Most of all I would assure them that I didn't want to take their mother's place, but that I felt entitled to a place of my own—one which I was prepared to work hard to deserve.

I also feel that a stepmother has a far greater chance of winning out to happiness if she is a person in her own right; if she is smart and chic and well groomed, if she has some moderately outstanding skill, some attractive hobby. I wouldn't recommend an outside job, for she'll need to work full time at her new role. A career, if the stepmother wants to pursue one, can be resumed later; for whether the going is rough or pleasant, it will pass quickly and the stepmother will be as lost as any normal mother when her family leaves home.

I think it's probably a good thing for everyone concerned if the word mother can be left out of the new relationship entirely, for mother carries a greater emotional impact than almost any other word in the language. This is more easily done today than when family life demanded greater formality, for first names will do now even with young children.

Anyway, it's not what your stepchildren call you but what they mean when they say it that counts. If you can win their friendship that will be worth all the effort you can put into it—all the effort and all the love. ♦

## Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!



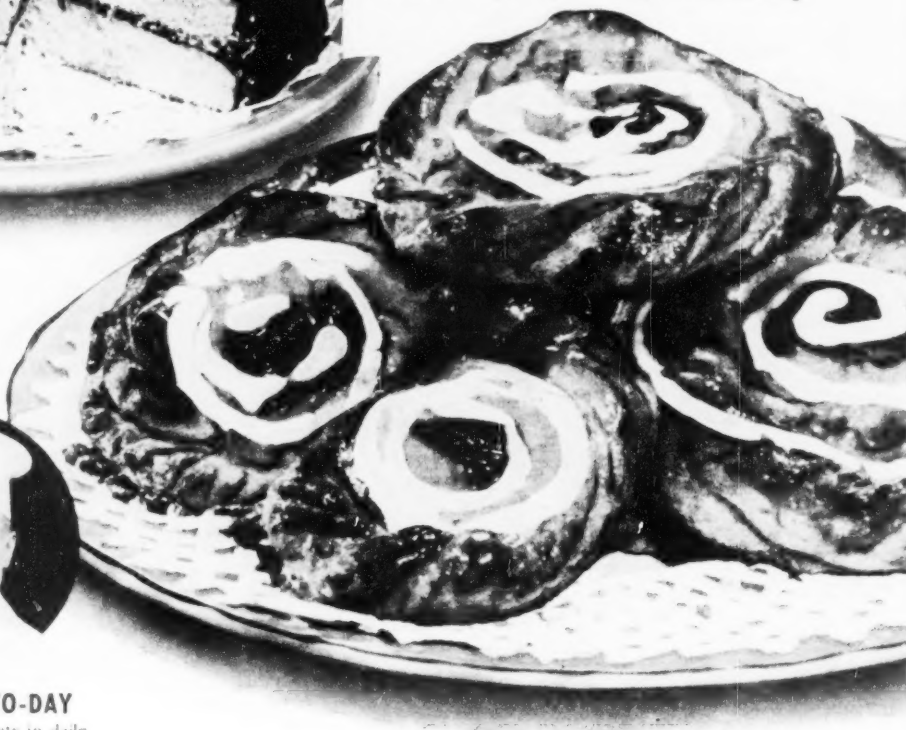
LADY, here's a hint from your husband's waitress! Men pop into a restaurant for lovely baked things they "never get at home"!... Well! does that mean you have to start baking Danish Pastries, for example? Gracious, no!—let your baker do that! It's surprising the variety your baker has—everything from glamorous Chocolate Cake to tender, milky Scones. All delightfully fresh—they're baked every day! So decide now—call for your baker's help in your daily menu making.



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## VILLAGE IN A NIGHTMARE

Continued from page 21

Contractor Bob Jackson says, "Most of my work is out of town—I only do minor repairs around here."

The local skating rink collapsed, and was not replaced. A major movie chain planned to build a new theatre until officials got to worrying about the village being flooded out. In an era when almost every community is pushing up housing developments, new homes in Iroquois are rare. Old people otherwise little concerned for the future are afraid to die, at the prospect of resting in forgotten graves beneath the water.

Fortunately Iroquois does boast a few doughty citizens who have defied the seaway nightmare as determinedly as King Canute told the tide to turn back, but with considerable more sense.

Big, genial Herb Caldwell who has made Caldwell's linen mill the biggest in Canada, brushes off the seaway project as something to bother about when—and if—it comes. Years of off-again-on-again talk in the newspapers have just about convinced a number of people the seaway will never become a reality. Thus clothing merchant Byron J. Saver and grocer Allan Fisher have recently added costly improvements to their stores. Six residents did build new homes last year and the town improved some sidewalks. The Lions Club built a swimming pool crib in the river as a place for youngsters to bathe, and the Junior Chamber of Commerce staged a cleanup and paint-up campaign. Convinced the seaway is bound to come, a group of citizens some time ago organized a town planning board which has picked a new site for a dream village to replace old Iroquois when the time comes.

But the uncertainties and frustrations of life in the seaway's shadow are a trial and discouragement even to the hell-or-high-water boys. Thus the Savers and Fishers remodel their stores but cautiously file away their builders' receipts in case the flood does come and they want to collect from the government. The town planners, on the other hand, find it difficult to keep interest lanned in their project when for all anyone knows the old town may still be snuggled sleepily on the St. Lawrence in another 50 years. Nor will anyone in Ottawa tell the planning board how much compensation property owners will get if Iroquois is literally swept away to make room for tomorrow.

Herb Caldwell offered \$10,000 toward a new community centre when the rink caved in, provided the village raised a like amount, but his offer went begging. For a while the kids made do with the outdoor hockey cushion left behind when the rink collapsed; but then the dilapidated shack where they used to change their skates was carted away as junk, and even the kids gave up.

### Shaky Landmark

"Except for the swimming crib there aren't any recreation facilities," says Mrs. William Fox, mother of children four and eight years old. The river wharf used for years as a place to moor pleasure boats has become so ramshackle as to be a menace to anyone who

ventures on it. The village says it's a government dock and blames Ottawa for not repairing it. ("They figure the seaway's coming through, same as we do.") In many another town volunteers would have organized a week-end work party and rebuilt the dock for community use, but in Iroquois somebody simply put a fence around the wharf to keep foolhardy youngsters off.

Another barrier has been nailed across the rickety catwalk around the old Beckstead Block, which looms almost as

a symbol of ruin on Iroquois' main street—the Toronto-Montreal highway. The Beckstead block is an abandoned three-story building regarded as a joke by some and a disgrace by others, which clings precariously to the road with its bulk overhanging the river. One of its last occupants was a local physician who literally fled the building when an earth tremor shook Eastern Ontario in 1945, convinced that the Beckstead Block wasn't going to wait any longer for the St. Lawrence to come and get it but

was already collapsing into the river.

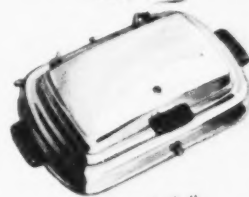
"That's a fine old landmark," exclaims insurance agent John W. Marcellus with mock impressiveness. "Should bring \$5,000 in expropriation money if the seaway goes through."

"If the seaway goes through" villagers will be given plenty of warning to salvage their possessions. Should the St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Development Plan (its official title) finally pass the U. S. Congress and Canada's Parliament, it will take an estimated



## "Bridal Showers"

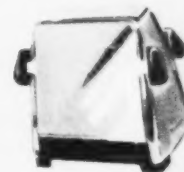
AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT THEM!



Sandwich Grill



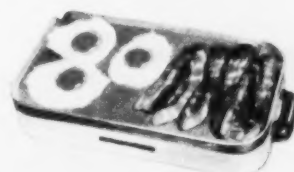
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six years for 10,000 workers to construct the \$806 million project. This will include the dredging of a deep channel from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the head of the Great Lakes and the development of 2,200,000 horsepower of electric energy. But residents of Iroquois (as well as several smaller points to be flooded, along with part of the town of Morrisburg) will see bulldozer brigades tumble abandoned homes and schools and stores into their own excavations and leave the old townsite a rubble pile before the water comes.

If the seaway scheme ever had a chance since it was first discussed in 1896, the time is now. President Truman, his Secretary of Defense, George C. Marshall, and Director of Mobilization, Charles E. Wilson, have all thrown their weight behind the project, and opposition appears to be weakening. This opposition is a powerful anti-seaway lobby which haunts the halls of Congress, representing such big economic interests as the railways, private power companies and the ports of Boston and New York.

#### Furnace Freeze-Up

Meanwhile, any and every mysterious occurrence in the Iroquois area continues to be attributed to the seaway. Last summer a yacht ran aground on a nearby St. Lawrence shoal and when those aboard put ashore in a small boat they turned out to be U. S. army officers.

Although in many ways their voyage seemed to be a pleasure trip—they were accompanied by their wives—reports immediately circulated that this was a survey party dispatched by the U. S.

Army Engineering corps to probe the seaway possibilities.

More recently two elderly sisters, the Misses Maggie and Fannie White, returned from a shopping trip to discover what they promptly took to be a seaway surveyor actually measuring the veranda of their neat white cottage. Long bitterly opposed to the St. Lawrence project ("I don't want to see Iroquois and all the people tore up and moved away," cries Miss Maggie), the sisters found the veranda-measurer almost as ominous a sign as if the water was already beginning to trickle past their own doorstep. The workman turned out to be a hydro-electric employee preparing to raise a new pole.

The White sisters can readily be excused their mistake for government surveyors have been moving in and out of Iroquois for at least 40 years. "I remember we girls used to go with the boys who came surveying here each summer," recalls Librarian Lulu Shepherd. "They said the scheme was going right through then and they had the whole town up in the air."

Seventeen years after that Mr. and Mrs. Ed Keck moved to town to buy the Commercial Hotel, and were pleased to discover they had seven permanent guests. But they were subsequently shocked to discover the guests were plotting to put them out of business, for the men were surveyors busily engaged in calculating just how far under water the Kecks' hotel would be "when the seaway goes through."

Mrs. Keck is now a widow and her son Robert runs the hotel. They have learned to take the seaway alarms in their stride, but the defeatism of others



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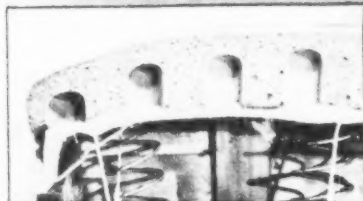
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sometimes bothers them. Last summer son Bob Keck decided to give the hotel front a coat of paint, but as soon as he appeared on the sidewalk with paint and brush passers-by stopped to exclaim, "What are you wasting your time for, don't you know the seaway's coming?"

A man who rooms in Iroquois reports the extreme case of a landlord who even refused to fix the furnace. "We can freeze to death because the seaway might come through a hundred years from now," he exclaims feelingly.

But many others with more at stake than the price of a furnace repairman have quailed before the currently mounting thunder of the seaway headlines out of Washington and Ottawa.

#### Paint Molds on Shelf

An orchardist "down the front" (out along the highway) tore down a shed to put up a sun porch fronting on the river, but stopped work when he heard his orchard might be cut in half by the rising river.

Librarian Lulu Shepherd has a large house with seven staircases, finished inside with B. C. fir, which she says she could convert into four valuable apartments. "But if I did I wouldn't get any more expropriation money than I would for the house the way it is. I'd just be sinking \$2,000 and probably get nothing back."

Probably the same considerations influenced the Iroquois woman who is reported to have bought a can of house paint 10 years ago, only to put it on the shelf when the late President Roosevelt personally recommended the Seaway project to Congress. She hasn't touched it since.

One man who couldn't wait for time and tide and overdue repairs is the Anglican minister, Rev. W. L. Thomas, who inhabits a rectory where "the roof leaks, the walls are cracked and few repairs have been done for 20 years." Pleasant and gnomelike in his long church robe with a boyish shock of hair tumbling into one eye, Rev. Thomas clambered up on his rectory roof last summer and nailed down shingles to stop some of the leaks.

#### "I Hope I Die"

However, the Anglican congregation recently spent \$1,000 renovating their church, despite the fact that this fine old structure, laboriously built a century ago of stone hewed from local quarries, will be dynamited if the seaway proceeds.

The ever-present spectre of well-loved homes and memories being swept away beneath a flood has naturally been hardest on those who have lived with it longest and who are now growing old.

"I hope I die before it happens," exclaims 95-year-old Mrs. Ansel Carmen, whose Empire Loyalist ancestors were granted the original deed to Iroquois land by King George III in 1784. Her daughter Margaret adds, "Mamma always says she won't leave this place until she's carried out."

Another Carmen descendant is a little more resigned to Iroquois' long-predicted fate. Edith Forward, a great-great-granddaughter of the original settler, says "No, we're not against the seaway. If the house goes, it goes . . ."

But as she says it she rocks a little more stiffly in her chair in the kitchen,

where the hearthstone is 12 feet across, the sink is hand-hewn out of solid stone, and iron hooks for drying apples and corn hang from the rafters above the Dutch oven.

A few veteran residents intend to take refuge on Iroquois Point, a peninsula of orchards and summer cottages just west of the village and the only nearby spot of land high enough to escape should the waters rise by international agreement. One of these is ex-reeve Fred Hadley, who says, "I want to live

close to the river and that new townsite won't have a proper river bank."

On Iroquois Point Fred Hadley will have ocean ships steaming past his front yard.

At the opposite extreme to those old-timers whose interest is understandably in things as they are and have been, is linen-maker Herb Caldwell. He built his mill in 1921, even as Canadian and American engineers were first planning the Iroquois dam. Today 60% of Iroquois residents work for Herb, who

still offers to buy new homes in the old village for employees and optimistically gives them 10 years to pay him back out of their wages. But Caldwell says if the flood comes "I'll give my factory to the new village. After all, I have 125 employees I went to school with and they call me by my first name."

Allan Fisher, a partner with his father in Stone-Fisher's Grocery store, recently turned his shop into a groceria by spending \$6,000 for new "islands"—floor-centred shelves. But he had the

# Strawberry Festival

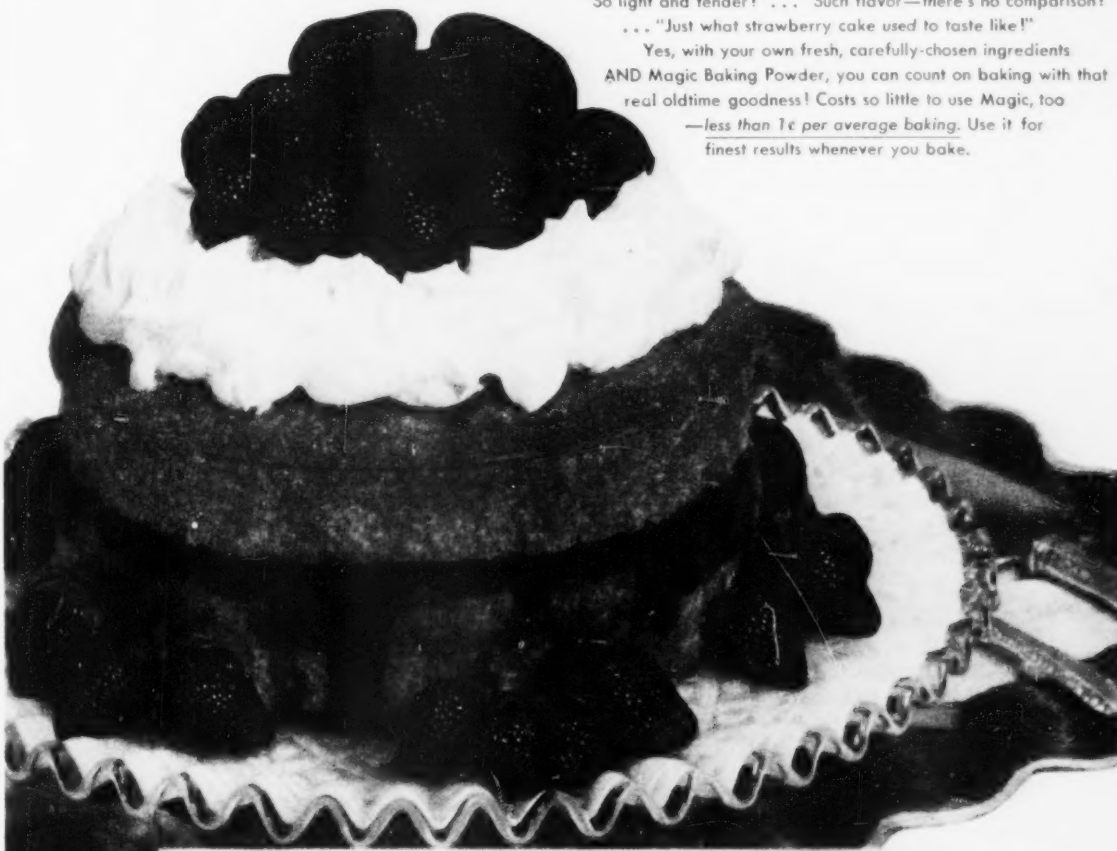
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#### MAGIC Strawberry Cake

1-2/3 cups sifted pastry flour  
or 1 1/2 cups sifted hard-wheat flour  
2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
4 eggs, separated  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 cup fine granulated sugar  
1 1/2 tsps. vanilla

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Beat egg yolks thick and light; gradually beat in the cold water and 2 1/2 cup of the sugar; beat constantly for 4 minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in remaining 1/2 cup sugar, beating after each addition until mixture stands in peaks. Add flour mixture to yolk mixture about a quarter at a time, folding lightly after each addition just until flour is incorporated; fold in vanilla. Add meringue to yolk mixture and fold gently until combined. Turn into two ungreased 8" round cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 350°, 25 to 30 minutes. Immediately cakes are baked, invert pans and allow cakes to hang suspended, until cold (to "hang" cakes, rest rim of inverted pan on 3 inverted egg cups or coffee cups). Put cold cakes together with sweetened crushed strawberries; top with lightly-sweetened and flavored whipped cream and garnish with whole strawberries.





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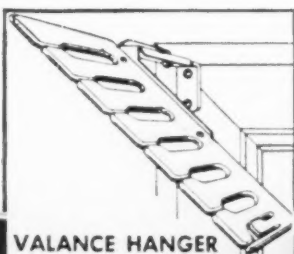
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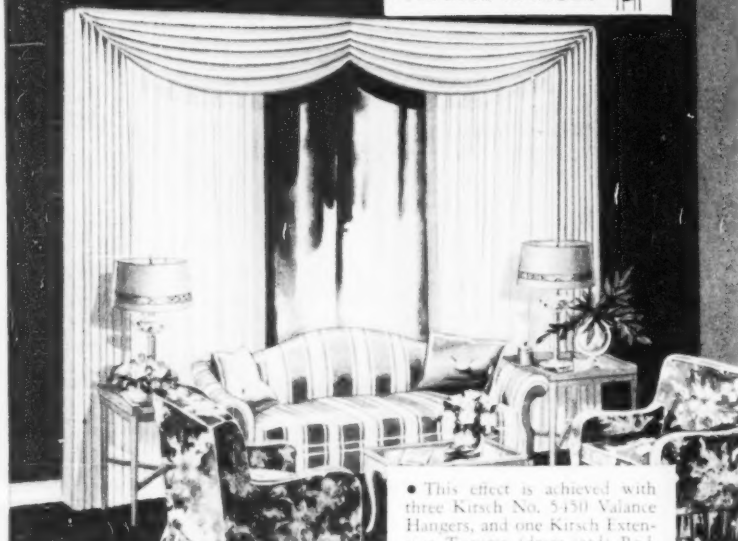
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contractor build his "islands" in eight-foot lengths so they can be carried away before the famous flood floats them off, and he flatly refuses to build a house in the old town. "Until the government says on what basis they're going to compensate us for our property, we're stymied down here, we're dying. For all I know, I might end up working in Toronto."

## Defies Hex

Completely defying the Iroquois hex, clothing merchant Byron Saver not only spent \$12,000 modernizing his store—he sank another \$20,000 in a ranch-style bungalow with big thermo windows on a site which will be engulfed if the seaway comes. But even while building in "doomed" Iroquois he also works tirelessly as secretary of the Iroquois and Suburban Town Planning Board, now laying the groundwork for an entirely new village.

Saver works with contractor Bob Jackson who is board chairman, with vice-president J. Hume Grisdale, and six directors, planning a dream town of 3,000 citizens to be located on higher ground two miles east of the present site. There they hope new industries will flourish in a reborn Iroquois of boulevard streets, zoned areas, a recreation centre, beaches, river parkland, bright new schools, line homes and stores. Such a town would cost \$9,000,000 according to estimates obtained from Ontario's Department of Planning and Reconstruction. Part of the money would come from the federal Department of Transport which has indicated a total of \$4,350,000 will be available in compensation money to individuals and firms for their properties and to the village for public buildings, roads and services.

## Still Dreaming

The Iroquois planners aren't sure about the details and, of course, they still have no answer at all to the \$86 million question which two governments have been trying to agree on for half a century—will the seaway go through, and if so when?

Meanwhile, the harassed and weary villagers can dream of a bright new future for Iroquois on high land, above the threatening flood waters and out from under the old nightmare which has gripped the town so long. But even should that great day of liberation come at last, it will be a long time before old-timers can shake off the memories of the homes they lived in, the schools they attended, the churches where they prayed and the shops where they worked—the ghost town lying five fathoms down in the greatest inland seaway in the world. +

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## HARD LUCK GUY

Continued from page 17

the same for me, Steve thought. He hasn't a care in the world now.

It wasn't just the leg. That was to be expected with a hard-luck guy. It was everything that had led up to his enlistment. It had begun when he was 12, when his parents were divorced. How vividly that shocking unexpected scene rose before him, how they had both talked to him and explained it all so reasonably and assured him that when he was older he would understand. They'd been wrong about that.

A thousand times he had told himself, they really love each other, they must, or what was he? Then first his father and then his mother had remarried. Each blow failed to prepare him for the next. And then the boarding schools; he'd lost track of how many; where he learned nothing because he didn't want to learn, he didn't want to please anyone. And now there were two new families and no real place for Steve.

So he'd joined the army. Funny how many fellows in that first outfit came from broken homes. A country needed soldiers, but not men who join up because they have nowhere to go. He wished he'd been old enough to marry before he left; maybe a wife would have accepted his accident; maybe he'd even have a kid . . .

Never nothing good for guys like me.

"Hello." That wasn't the first time he'd heard her voice. It was that young girl who came around on Wednesdays and Saturdays and made like a society Florence Nightingale. Usually Steve saw her coming and closed his eyes. He didn't want to be rehabilitated by amateurs. But this time she'd caught him.

"Lo," he said.

"Can I do something for you?"

The anger that lay dormant flared. "Like what?" he asked. He was almost sorry when he saw the quick flush. The other fellows made a great fuss over her because she was young and attractive. Most of the women volunteers who came to entertain them were of an earlier vintage.

The girl answered, "I could read to you . . ."

"There's nothing wrong with my eyes," he said, and seeing her expression, half pained, half puzzled, he felt impelled to add a grudging, "Thanks, anyway."

"A game, then?" she went on hopefully, smiling. She was determined to do him good. "Checkers, chess, cards . . ."

"I haven't enough brains for those games." He closed his eyes. "Play with someone else, miss. I'm okay."

There was a smile in her voice. "You're thinking of chess," she said. "There's a misconception about it—it's hard to play a good game, but it isn't hard to learn the moves and get a lot of enjoyment out of it."

Her voice trailed off as he opened his eyes and stared at her. "Look, miss," he said, "I don't want to be rehabilitated." He closed his eyes again because the expression on her young face made it difficult for him to maintain his attitude. "Why don't you go rehabilitate some of the other boys?" he said, "They love it."

"Why don't you stop being so sorry for yourself?" Her voice was trembling; she could hardly get the words out.

That did it. He opened his eyes wide now. "And how's your legs?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," she said in a shaky voice. "I only wanted to help. If you could see some of the other men," she warned to her subject, "you'd think you were lucky."

He raised himself on his elbow, ignoring the pain that made him wince. The anger in him was overpowering now.

"You think that makes me feel good?" His voice choked with rage. "To hear somebody's worse off than I? Some consolation! Well, it doesn't. I got them to feel bad for now." Her eyes were filled with tears. He fell back against the pillow. "Skip it," he said, "I'm a nasty guy."

"No . . . no . . . it's me. I want to help but I guess I . . . I . . ."

He said coldly, "If you want to help why don't you take up nursing instead of . . ." He let her understand by a

gesture what he thought of her work.

"I tried to. I couldn't pass the physical." Her voice was humble, almost apologetic. "I had rheumatic fever when I was a child and my heart is damaged."

"I'm sorry." He was beginning to feel like a heel.

"Nothing to be sorry about," she answered, her expression brightening. "It doesn't bother me . . . It's just there." She smiled, and he saw she was pretty, not spectacular, with clear

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blue eyes, a fine smooth skin, and soft well-cared-for hair of a warm chestnut color. A nice kid. He felt ashamed of the way he had treated her. After all, it wasn't her fault, none of it.

"Do you really think I could learn to play chess?" he asked. He liked the way her eyes lit up as though he'd just given her a precious gift.

"I'll go get the things and be right back."

"I'll be here."

He took a little kidding while he waited. "So that's how it's done, eh? Play hard to get."

"Please go 'way and let me sleep," another voice crooned.

"Gee, the only cute one of the lot and he picks a game it'll take her months to teach him."

It was all good-natured and they were fine fellows, and like the girl said, some of them were worse off than he was.

When the girl returned he asked her her name.

"Phyllis Baldwin," she said.

"Mine's Steve Bailey," he returned.

"I know." The way she said it made Steve look at her quickly. In spite of himself he felt a little thrill, as if, well, as if, if they had been anywhere else, if he'd been a guy with two legs, he'd have said here was a girl who liked him.

"Now the game of chess is like a battle," she began, laying out the pieces. "The pawns," she indicated them, "are like the infantry."

"Right out in front—wouldn't you know?" But he was joking and he surprised himself.

She gave him a quick glance as if she feared she'd blundered and he grinned. "Go on," he urged.

In two weeks he was beating her. He was crazy about chess.

"You're not just letting me beat you?" he asked anxiously. It was very important somehow that these victories be real.

"Honest." She crossed her heart like a little girl. "You have a real gift for it." She looked impressed.

"Maybe I'm not such a big dope after all," he said. He felt suddenly pretty good.

"You're not a dope," she answered, and her voice was cross.

Steve had to take a lot of good-natured kidding from the other boys who insisted he had cornered the beauty market among the do-gooders.

"Ah, she's just sorry for me," he protested. He felt warm, curiously elated. He wished they'd go on talking about her.

The next time she came he couldn't help asking, "Why are you so nice to me?"

She flushed. "I try to be nice to all the boys," she said, keeping her eyes fixed on the chess board. "That's my job."

He liked to see her blush. "The boys," he said, watching her closely, "sorta think you're extra nice to me." He grinned openly. "Could that be?"

The flush deepened and went right down the vee of her blouse. "I—I did think perhaps you needed a little more help . . ."

So it had been pity. He'd said it himself, but he was aware of a pang, a feeling not so much of disappointment for he'd expected nothing really, as of sadness. Had he begun to dream that this girl might care for him, a hard luck





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guy like him? He'd better not even get started. Besides he was too grateful for what she had done for him to regret any of it. She'd somehow given him confidence in himself, even more than before he'd lost his leg. From learning chess they had progressed to a reading program.

"You have a scientific mind," she told him. "You ought to do something with it." She looked adorable when she was serious. That was the day the one-legged actor visited the ward. And the things he could do, you'd never know... He talked to them too about others like him, like them, even athletes. Altogether it was quite a day.

"If they can beat it, I can," Steve said.

"Of course you can." Her voice was shaky and her eyes were shining.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked. She swallowed hard. "I'm h-happy... for you," she said.

He turned squarely to her. "When I think," he said, "how I treated you that first day." She gave him a watery smile. "You'll never know," he went on, and then the squeak of two dozen beds reached him as all the other patients raised themselves on their elbows to get a better view. "Gosh," he laughed, "it'll have to wait."

Phyllis looked around, startled and then flushed. But she had to laugh too. The romantic expressions of the men would have made a mule laugh.

"Go on, kiss her," one boy shouted as though the sight of a kiss would do him good.

The girl looked toward the door in a panic. The boys quieted suddenly as the big double door opened. Dr. Foster and a nurse came in the room. The doctor stopped at the foot of Steve's bed. "Hello, Phyllis," he said, "how's our patient?"

"Fine, I think." The doctor smiled and went on. "Do you know him—outside, I mean?" Steve asked.

She nodded. "He and daddy play golf together." She looked at him, smiling as she spoke, and he felt suddenly as though he had never really seen her before. She's beautiful, he thought, in a quiet way, in a perfect way.

He said abruptly, "How come you never married?"

She pretended indignation. "You make me sound a hundred," she said. "I'm only 22." Her smile deepened and he saw, as if for the first time, how she dimpled ever so slightly just below the corners of her mouth.

"You ought to smile all the time," he said, his eyes still on her mouth. Womanlike she stopped smiling. "I could ask you the same thing," she said. "Why did you never marry?"

He grinned. "I'm 23." Then he grew serious. "I've never been really in love, I guess... and besides I never had much to offer a girl."

She could look angry too, he discovered. "You're not going to start that again, are you?"

He grinned to reassure her. "I'm going to make something of myself, and then we'll see." And he would too. His athletic dreams seemed boyish now beside the dream of serious accomplishment that was growing slowly in his mind. "I suppose some day you'll be marrying some society man," he said. She laughed and he asked, "What's so funny about that?"

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"I don't know," she answered, her blue eyes still crinkled with amusement. "It—it sounds old-fashioned somehow. A society man!" She turned her warm glance on him. "We're not society," she said, "whatever that is. Daddy's a lawyer—mother does her own housework, except the heavy stuff and the party-cooking; we live in a pleasant house on the edge of town..." She raised her hands, narrow palms upward. "That's all, just like millions of other people..." She looked at

her watch. "I've been here much too long," she said rising, throwing a guilty look around.

He was glad she was going. He wanted to think about her. Just like millions of other people. He smiled, feeling tender for her and sad for the many others who were not quite like her family, whatever she might think. Not quite, Phyllis dear, he said to himself. But he had no wish to disabuse her. He felt now that he was the strong one. He would have liked nothing

better than to keep her forever from any knowledge of ugliness and pain.

When she was finally gone from the room he allowed himself to think deliciously of the boys', "Go on, kiss her." His heart beat fast. No use denying it, he was in love, head over heels... no, he thought with a sudden pang, head over heel—one heel only. He tried to tell himself how foolish he was to feel this sudden wild joy, but surely, surely, she had been trying to tell him something.

He closed his eyes to recreate her image, the fine delicate skin, the smooth brown hair like the wing of a bird, the lovely hands he had touched for a brief moment. She can't care for me, Steve Bailey, a nobody, a nobody minus... but the bitterness would not come through. His blood raced; he felt loved.

The nurse glided toward him with his supper tray. "I'm not hungry," he said. He wanted to do nothing but dream. The nurse impersonally went right on arranging his table to receive the tray.

"He's in love," someone shouted in a falsetto voice. He got a big laugh.

"That's fine," the nurse answered when the laugh had died down. "You'll need your strength then." She winked hugely.

Comedians. But Steve didn't really mind the jokes. On the contrary he felt as though they were all with him, wishing him well. Suddenly each one seemed to have qualities that he had not fully appreciated before. They were swell fellows. They could easily have complained that he monopolized Phyllis. Instead they had gladly surrendered her to him. Gosh, he, Steve Bailey, was the luckiest guy in the world!

The miracle of it struck him. Here in this hospital, with a leg off and a formidable program of education and re-education before him, he who had always considered himself a hard-luck guy, could say this... He was awed by the power of love.

How would he be able to wait for Saturday to come? He began to fill in the interval by imagining the scene, framing the speeches he would make to her. He fell asleep in a dream of pure bliss...

Saturday came at last. He dressed and shaved with great care. When Dr. Foster came through Steve questioned him closely about his chances for walking naturally, how long it would take, and about his opportunities, his veterans' rights, everything he was suddenly eager to know. The doctor answered each question carefully and at length, his voice loud and clear, casting his eyes about as though addressing not just Steve, but all the boys. "Fine spirit," he said, touching Steve's shoulder. "You'll do." He seemed very pleased.

There was, Steve felt, a feeling of greater optimism in the ward. He marveled at the human body and mind and how they could adjust to even the most desperate conditions. Where he had once blamed God, he now thanked Him for having taught him to accept his fate, for having sent him Phyllis, for believing her when she told him that what happened to you was not as important as the way you take it.

The hands of the clock were approaching 10. She would be there any minute and he would tell her he loved her, no matter how many eyes were on them, how many comic sighs punctuated his speech. He was so excited that when 10 o'clock came and went and she was not there, he was glad. It would give him a chance to calm down.

Eleven came and went too and she was not there. One or two of the boys made jokes about it and then stopped abruptly. The ward was brisk now with other benevolent ladies, nurses and entertainers. Steve's eyes kept returning to the big double doors where he had seen her enter week after week and then



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to the big clock directly above where the minutes were cruelly ticking away.

Dr. Foster came in then with two matronly ladies and as he passed Steve's bed he smiled and said, "Phyllis been here yet?"

Steve's throat knotted. He somehow managed to dredge up a smile. "Not yet," he said, and the doctor went on.

She's not ill then, he told himself. He realized that back in his mind he had been telling himself that she might be ill, not staying away deliberately at all. But now that hope was gone. Dr. Foster would have known if she were ill.

In the weeks that followed Steve was hard put to it not to slide back into despair. But to do that would, he felt, have destroyed some part of his love for the girl. It was not her fault if she did not care enough about him. Love went where it willed.

He hoped he could keep himself from asking Dr. Foster about her. Out of consideration for him she had given up a work that was important to her and he must not make it hard for her by appearing to track her down.

Now more than anything else Steve wanted to get out of the hospital, to start his studies. His progress was commented on; his persistence, the absolute discipline he imposed on himself, all this became the talk of the hospital.

But nights he thought of Phyllis, yearned for her, yet always grateful for what she had given him. He knew now what he wanted to do; it would be years before he could achieve his goal, but medicine was to be his field. It was all for the best; he could not have asked a girl to wait—there was so much he didn't know—the path was steep and he was ill-equipped.

Well, that's the way it had turned out. She was just a wonderful memory.

"But . . . but surely there were other ways you could have found her."

Steve halted abruptly. He had been talking to the older man, not fully as it had run through his mind, but in bits, a hint here, a word there. He frowned in sudden embarrassment. It wasn't like him to be so open, and with a stranger. Yet what difference did it make? And it might do some good. If the man had a wounded son, as Steve suspected, his experience might encourage the man. Yet Steve surprised himself. It was not always so easy to talk to strangers.

He said in answer to the older man's question, "Yes, I suppose there would have been ways to find her, but I didn't want to, not really. I wanted what was best for her . . ."

"And you feel you will never see the girl again?" the man went on.

"She was too good for me," Steve said hoarsely, and a wave of unhappiness threatened him. He shook it off. "But I'm not sorry about anything," he said stoutly. "She did plenty for me. She can't help it if I'm not the man for her."

The man rose and came over to Steve. His eyes were warm and friendly as he placed a hand on Steve's shoulder. "Phyllis doesn't feel that way about it."

Steve started. He was sure he had not once mentioned the girl's name. "Did you say Phyllis? Who are you?"

But even as he asked he knew the answer. This was her father. That's why he had liked his face. Phyllis was like him. Steve began to tremble.

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"Forgive me, Steve," the older man said. "We had to know . . . parents are selfish. Phyllis has been very ill . . . no wait," he interrupted quickly as Steve half rose, "she's going to be all right. For weeks we've heard nothing but Steve, Steve, Steve . . ."

"Why didn't she . . . why didn't you . . ." The words stuck in his throat. All this time she'd been ill, while he . . .

"Just a minute, son." The word sent a deep thrill through the boy. "There was nothing she could do and at first we were too concerned to take it seriously. Afterward, when she had told us about you, we were afraid." His eyes pleaded with the boy for understanding. Steve nodded. "She'll never be very strong," the older man went on, "and we felt she would need someone with strength, beyond the average, to take care of her."

"And . . . it bothered you . . . my leg . . . and . . . and everything?" Steve didn't blame him, but it hurt. It hurt more than anything had ever hurt in all his life. And it hurt for Phyllis too, who loved him . . .

"It did, Steve," the other replied, "but it doesn't any more. You are strong, boy, very strong."

Steve looked up then, full into the blue eyes that were so like the eyes of his girl. "You—you really think it—it will be all right, sir."

"I know it's all right," the father answered hoarsely. He cleared his throat and the hand on Steve's shoulder pressed down hard. "Now, son," he said briskly, "let's find out when you can get out of here and come home." +

# MURDER IN MUSKOKA

Continued from page 9

situation over with you as soon as possible, and eventually I realized that he was probably right."

She lit a cigarette, thinking wryly, Yes, and I also realized he was right when he said you'd all believe I was afraid to face you, if I didn't ask you to come up to Windhaven.

Gregory cleared his throat, and leaned forward a little in his chair. "Er—I'm sure you know we all wish you happiness, Myra," he said. "But naturally we can't help wondering if you're doing the right thing—the right thing from your point of view, I mean. After all, Thelma and Lydia and I are your nearest relations, even though we are only second cousins of yours; and you've always been very good to us. And marriage is quite a gamble, under any circumstances . . ."

"Oh, for Pete's sake," Jack interjected morosely, "she knows that, she's been married already. Get to the point, Greg."

"Yes, please do," said Myra, with her eyes fixed intently on Gregory's fleshy, embarrassed face.

Casting an unhappy look at his silent wife, Gregory went on in a deprecating voice, "Look here, Myra, I don't want to hurt you, but facts are facts, and you've got to look them in the face, for your own good. You're . . . er . . . quite a few years older than any of us . . ."



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"You don't look that old by any means, of course. Still, there it is. You're 51, a widow, and—er—very well to do. Well, three months ago this Colin Godfrey—a complete stranger—wanders up to your front door and asks you to rent him the guest house on the Windhaven property, because someone in the village told him it's scarcely been used in the four years since your husband died. He tells you he wants a quiet place where he can finish a novel he's working on. You're interested in helping a struggling author, and he's good-looking and persuasive, and so you eventually agree to let him have the cottage for the summer. And by the end of August you're engaged to him—him, a man of 37, with hardly a cent to his name!"

Myra felt her cheeks flush. Oh yes, put that way, it sounded pretty bad, all right. And how else could it appear to these people who knew no more of Colin than what little she had told them, and what they had observed of him during the one brief week end they had spent at Windhaven early in July?

"Is that all you have to say, Greg?" she enquired coldly.

Clasping her hands together on her lap, Doris Bain interposed quickly, "Please, Myra, don't be angry with Greg, or with any of us. It isn't that we think nobody could want to marry you except for your money. You're a very beautiful woman still, and you really do seem much younger than you are, but . . . Listen, Myra. It's so much easier to see things in their proper

perspective when your emotions aren't involved . . ."

Jack cut in with a short laugh. "I'll say it is. You saw through those two gay young fortunehunters who wanted to marry your precious stepdaughter, didn't you, Myra? And it certainly didn't take you long, in either case, to bust the thing up."

Controlling her temper with a considerable effort, Myra said levelly, "In both those cases, Jack, I was only doing what I knew Freda's father would have wanted me to do. As executrix of Bertram's will, and Freda's trustee, I had to do my duty as I saw it." After a brief hesitation, she went on, "You know as well as I do what Freda's like: she's not what you'd call an attractive girl, unfortunately, and she's man-crazy. That's why Bertram appointed me as her trustee until she's 30, or until she marries someone I think is all right. Of course, if I died in the meantime, the trust would automatically come to an end, and she'd get full control of her money. Barring that eventuality, if she marries without my approval I go on acting as her trustee until her thirtieth birthday, and just pay her part of the income from Bertram's estate, as I do now. She's not so badly off, you know: she has enough to keep up her own apartment, and drive a car."

"What does she think of—of Colin?" Thelma asked.

"She hasn't met him yet. I've asked her up to Windhaven several times this summer, but she wouldn't come. As a matter of fact I've scarcely seen her in the past six months."

"Have you invited her for this week

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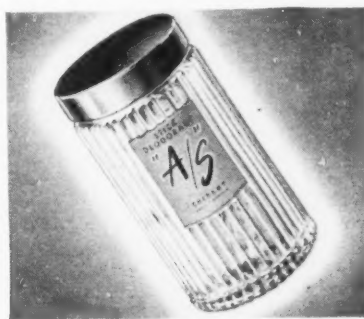
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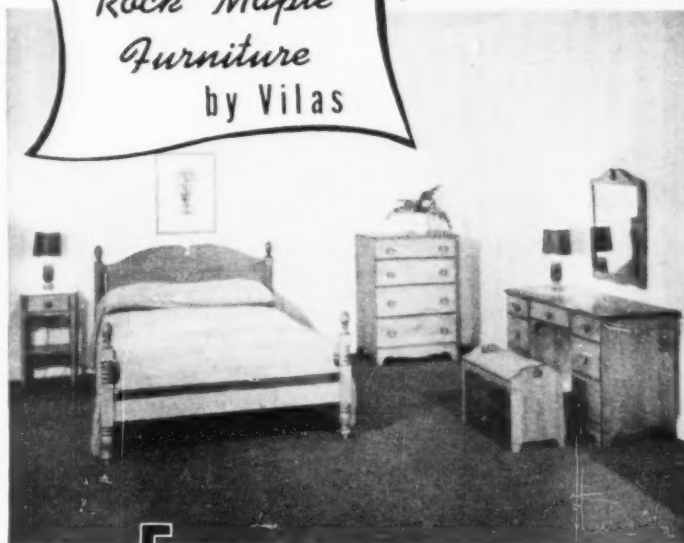
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end?" Doris enquired, with an apprehensive look on her narrow, fine-featured face.

Myra nodded. "I'll be very much surprised if she comes, though." She paused for a moment, and then added deliberately, "You see, it doesn't make any difference to her whether I get married or not."

Gregory blew his nose loudly. "In other words," he said heavily, "you think our only reason for coming is to find out how this marriage is going to affect our—our prospects."

Myra felt her lips curve into a faint parody of a smile. "Hardly that, Greg. You've made it clear that you are also interested in saving me from my own folly." She stubbed out her cigarette unhurriedly, and resumed, "The only one who doesn't seem inclined to indicate her opinion is Lydia."

"I don't think," Lydia remarked quietly, "that it's any of my business, is it?"

Glancing at the girl's delicate, attractive face, Myra felt a slight shock of disappointment: she had counted on Lydia to be an active ally, rather than merely a friendly neutral.

She turned to the others again, and said, "Not being quite a fool, I'm aware that my engagement has been a blow to you people. Since Bertram died, you've regarded yourselves as my heirs, of course; there was no one else for me to leave my money to, was there? Still, I think you might have considered the possibility of my marrying again." She sat up very straight, adjusting the bolero of her sage-green sharkskin dress. "Whether you think I'm foolish or not, and whether you like it or not, I'm going to marry Colin at the end of this month. When I do, I shall naturally consider my husband before anyone else. Now, as you know, Bertram left practically all his property in trust for Freda . . ."

Jack interrupted sullenly, "Hanged if I see why he did that. What's she going to do with four hundred thousand dollars when she gets control of it? Seems queer to me that old Bertie only left you this house and less than a hundred thousand in securities. And you only get the income from the securities, at that. Don't they go to some charity or other when you kick off?"

"Dear me, Jack," Myra murmured, raising her fine dark eyebrows, "I didn't know you'd studied Bertram's will so carefully. Anyway, since you're such an authority on the subject of my affairs, at least you must know that it's only the money I inherited from my father that I can dispose of according to my own wishes."

"A mere half-million, isn't it?" Jack said, squinting up at the brass lamp suspended from the high-arched ceiling of the loggia.

"Whatever the amount is," Myra retorted, beginning to feel decidedly angry, "—and I don't think that's any of your business, incidentally—it will be considerably less by the time the succession duties are taken out of it. And I'd like to remind you that, strictly speaking, you have no particular right to expect any of it. My mother was your great-aunt, but my father was not related to you at all."

Jack grunted. "Okay. I get it. You mean that this Godfrey type you're planning to marry has as much right to your old man's money as any of us."



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Thelma said in a tone of suppressed fury, "For heaven's sake, Jack, shut up and let Myra finish what she started to tell us."

"Thank you, Thelma," Myra said crisply. "To be frank, I'm getting very tired of this discussion." Her glance moved swiftly from Thelma to Gregory, and then to Lydia. "Most of my money will go to Colin, of course; but I'm setting aside a certain sum for each of you three—twenty-five thousand apiece, to be specific." No one said anything, and she concluded rather stiffly. "I'm sorry it can't be more, but that's the most I feel I can do."

"I think you're being very generous," Lydia observed, looking down at the slim, sensitive hands clasped on her lap.

Before Myra could make any response to this, Gregory said flatly, "Have you changed your will yet?"

"No, Colin insists that I mustn't do anything for him, financially, until after we're married." Raising her chin a little, she added with a faint touch of defiance, "He was terribly angry, once, when he misunderstood something I said, and thought I was planning to settle some money on him right away."

Gregory and Jack exchanged puzzled glances. With a satisfying sensation of having scored a point in Colin's favor, Myra said, "Well, shall we just leave it at that? I don't know about the rest of you, but Lydia looks pretty tired, to me."

Lydia got to her feet, with a little sigh of undisguised relief. "You don't mind if I go up to my room now, do you, Myra? I am awfully tired."

The others stayed downstairs just long enough to drink a final nightcap. After they had gone to their rooms, Myra switched off the light in the loggia and stood for a few minutes looking out at the lake; it gleamed like shiny gun-metal, now, in the faint light of the few stars that showed in the partly overcast sky, and the heavily wooded shore opposite Windhaven was black and lifeless.

The interview with her cousins had not been so unpleasant as she had feared it would be; nevertheless, she could not rid herself of an uncomfortable conviction that it had been merely a preliminary bout. But that's foolish, she told herself impatiently; what can any of them do, beyond making the week end thoroughly miserable? Colin reminded me that I'm in the driver's seat, and, although I don't like to think of it in that way, it's perfectly true. After all, why shouldn't I do as I please with my own money? If Greg and Doris and the Freemantles have been living beyond their means—as I'm morally certain they have—that's their own stupid fault. Only . . . wouldn't they have been more provident if they hadn't taken for granted that they would always be my only heirs?

And if it came to that, mightn't Lydia have been banking on more than an eventual inheritance of twenty-five thousand dollars, since she was engaged to a young man who had undertaken a particularly hard row to hoe? Edmund Granger was progressing in his career as a painter, no doubt; but, in Canada, it was so difficult for artists of any kind to attain even reasonable financial security. Was that why Lydia had been so unlike herself all evening?

Finding these speculations extremely disquieting, Myra stepped into the big

square hall behind the loggia. She paused for a moment with her hand on the newel post of the broad, blue-carpeted staircase, and gazed at her reflection in the long mirror on the wall to her left. Her thick, golden-brown hair was skilfully tinted so that no streaks of grey showed in it; the green dress she wore was very becoming to her figure, slim and beautiful as ever; the soft lamp light made her dark blue eyes look almost violet, and flattered her fair, exquisitely made-up skin. At

that moment she could easily have passed for a woman of 40.

She gave her appearance a last critical examination in the mirror, and experienced returning confidence. Let them all think her a fool—she didn't care! What if her happiness lasted only a few years? She'd have had it, anyway—after years of marriage to a man much older than herself, after weary months of unstinted devotion to a sick, querulous husband; after a long, losing battle to win the confidence of an antagonistic

stepdaughter; after four years of empty widowhood.

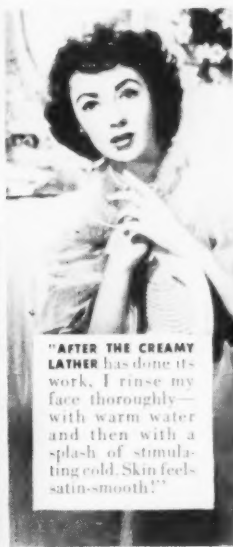
Slowly, she mounted the stairs. There was a dim lamp burning in the upper hall, and a narrow band of light showed beneath the door of Lydia's room, halfway down the corridor of the guest-wing. Coming to a sudden decision, she moved along the thick carpet and tapped lightly on Lydia's door. A moment later Lydia's face peered out at her, white, surprised, and a little startled. She said nothing, but opened



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the door wider to allow Myra to step inside.

"I saw your light, and so I thought I'd come and say good night," Myra explained.

Lydia curled up on the foot of the bed, and looked up at Myra with a somewhat forced smile. She was wearing a long white quilted dressing gown that made her eyes and hair seem even darker than they were, and she looked, Myra thought, almost pathetically young in it. And yet . . . no, there was nothing childish about the trouble which showed so plainly on her sensitive face.

Sitting down on the edge of the bed, Myra said without any preamble, "You've been very quiet this evening, Lydia. There's something bothering you, isn't there?"

For some little time it seemed as if Lydia wasn't going to answer; then, turning her head aside, she said flatly, "Edmund and I have broken off our engagement."

"When did this happen?" Myra asked, after a pause.

"Just this afternoon. I dropped in at his studio to tell him I was coming up here for the week end, and—and to say good-bye, you know. Somehow we got round to the subject of marriage—I suppose it was showing him your telegram that started it. Anyway, he said he'd been offered a commercial art job, and he meant to accept it, so that he could afford to marry me. Well, I knew he'd never dream of doing anything like that if it weren't for me, because of course it would interfere terribly with his serious work. So I said he mustn't do it. And he said he was sick and tired of waiting to get married. I told him we could get married right away, if only he'd agree to my keeping on with my job at the office." She waited for a minute, frowning down at the floor, and then resumed, "As a matter of fact we've argued about that, off and on, for a long time. Edmund says he won't get married until he's capable of supporting a wife, and I simply can't make him change his mind about it."

"And he can't make you change your mind about the commercial art job, I gather."

"No. Myra, if he gave up his real career for me, he'd hate me for it, sooner or later. Anyway, I don't want him to be a commercial artist—it would be a dreadful waste." Raising her eyes to her cousin's face, she said, "Edmund's a good painter—really good. It would be a sin to give up the struggle now, just when things are beginning to break a little for him. In another two or three years we'd be able to get along all right, I'm sure."

"Well then, why won't he just—wait and see?"

Lydia shrugged her shoulders listlessly. "He says he's waited long enough already. We've been going together for nearly two years. And Edmund isn't a patient sort of person. Anyway, he won't give in, and neither will I, so . . . He finally said we'd better call the whole thing off." Her voice wavered perilously, and she lowered her eyes again.

"Oh, Lydia, I'm sure he didn't really mean that. Probably he was just angry because you didn't see eye-to-eye with him, and . . ."

"Yes, he was angry, all right," Lydia put in, with a dreary little laugh. "I didn't know Edmund could get so furious with me."

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"That was only because he was disappointed, I dare say."

"But surely he must have known how I'd feel about the idea of his taking a job. I've always been so proud of what he's accomplished, and so enthusiastic about his work . . . He couldn't have believed that I'd suddenly agree that he ought to give it up—or practically give it up, anyway."

There was rather a long silence; eventually Myra said, "I'm very sorry darling. It seems an awful pity to me: I've always thought you and Edmund were exactly right for one another—though I don't know him very well, of course." Seeing the girl's mouth begin to quiver, she added quickly, "But I don't believe for one minute that he's going to leave matters the way they are. He'll think of some other plan, you'll see."

"I wish I could believe you're right; but I . . ." She broke off abruptly, biting her lip, and said, "I think I'd better stop talking about it, Myra; in another minute I'll be making a spectacle of myself."

Myra stood up, and gently patted Lydia's shoulder. "All right. I'm going to bed, and I advise you to do the same thing. Have you anything to read, in case you can't sleep?"

"Yes." She followed Myra to the door, and said awkwardly, "Thanks for listening to me; it really did help—a little."

"Fine." She was about to grasp the door knob when Lydia's hand closed on her arm.

"Myra, I—I've been all wrapped up in my own affairs tonight. It was awful of me not to say anything about your—news."

"That's all right," Myra said automatically. There was a tight feeling in her chest as she waited for what Lydia would say next: what a world of difference it would make if she'd only cry out spontaneously, "I'm so glad you're going to be happy!"

But instead Lydia lowered her eyes and said rather stiltedly, "I wish you the very best of everything—always."

"Thank you," said Myra, in a voice that was as dull and lifeless as her spirit felt at that moment. "Good night, Lydia. Sleep well, my dear."

By dinnertime on Saturday Myra wished fervently that she had not allowed Colin to persuade her into having this week-end party. No one, obviously, was enjoying it; and there had been several incidents during the day which had certainly not eased the discomfort of the situation.

The first of these incidents occurred shortly before lunch, when Gregory had manoeuvred her into the room above the boathouse in order to make a desperate plea for financial aid. He had made some rash ventures in the mining market, it appeared, and he told her he simply had to raise eighteen thousand dollars within six months at the latest.

Myra had felt genuinely sorry for him, even though it was manifest that his troubles had been caused by his own irresponsibility and greed; but she had been forced to explain that, in fairness to his sister Thelma and his cousin Lydia, she could not advance him money out of her estate on a straight loan basis. The most she could do, she felt, was to let him have eighteen thousand dollars and deduct it from the twenty-five thousand he would normally have





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got under the new will she intended to make after her marriage. Gregory had received this proposal very ungraciously, and had neither accepted nor rejected it.

And then, right on top of the interview with Greg, Freda had driven up to the main entrance of Windhaven in her small English car.

Myra looked covertly across the dinner table at her stepdaughter's swarthy, heavy-featured, sullen face, and reflected inconsequently that it was not at all improved by the dark page-boy bob which hung lankly down to her shoulders.

With an unpleasant qualm she recalled the girl's contemptuously mocking smile as she greeted her that morning, and her sardonic words: "You didn't think I'd come, did you? Well, neither did I, at first. But when I'd thought it over I felt I simply must come and congratulate you. After all, wouldn't you do the same for me?"

Oh yes, Freda's arrival had been a most disagreeable surprise to her—and to Colin, too, judging from his inadequately concealed dismay when he had been introduced to her. He had been very urbane and friendly with the others—whom, of course, he had met earlier in the summer; but it had been almost laughably evident that the addition of Freda to the party was a bit too much for him to take in his stride. Well, it wasn't to be wondered at, really. Freda was formidable enough at the best of times, and it was perfectly clear that she had come up to Muskoka for the sole purpose of making things as difficult as possible for her stepmother.

Colin had gone back to his cottage soon after lunch, and he had asked to be excused from coming over to dinner. The reason he had given was that he wanted to finish a chapter of his book, but Myra strongly suspected that he'd had all he could take, for the time being, of his prospective in-laws. However, he'd promised to come over for the evening, and suggested that she should meet him at sunset, as usual, in the little summerhouse in the gorge which lay between cottage and house.

Early in the afternoon there had been another unexpected arrival at Windhaven. Edmund Granger had turned up in his father's car, and had taken Lydia off for a walk—so that they might talk over their personal problems, Myra inferred. She was very glad to see Edmund, not only for Lydia's sake, but also for her own: the presence of an outsider was a welcome diversion from the uneasy atmosphere of the family party. When Lydia had asked her, rather hesitantly, if Edmund might stay for the remainder of the week end, she had readily agreed.

Edmund sat between Lydia and Freda at the table this evening. He was a tall, rather thin young man, with straight black hair, a broad forehead, and high cheekbones beneath shrewdly observant grey eyes. Myra had always liked him, and she hoped he and Lydia would be able to find some means of breaking the deadlock which existed between them. As far as she had been able to gather from Lydia, Edmund had soon regretted his hasty words of the previous day, and had driven up to Muskoka in the hope that they might be able to reach some compromise agreement. The trouble was, Myra thought, watching his clever, rather ironic face as he smiled down at Lydia,

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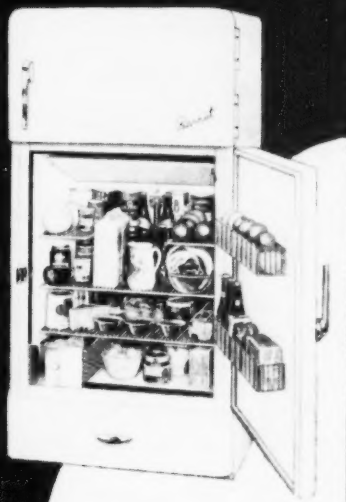
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he didn't look as if he knew the meaning of the word "compromise"; and Lydia, for all her sweetness, had a mind and will of her own.

When dinner was over the party dispersed in various directions with such promptitude that Myra felt certain they were quite as much affected by the uncomfortable atmosphere as she was. Well, it was a relief to have a breathing spell; and since everyone knew when and where she was to meet Colin, it was very unlikely that anybody would be hanging about in the vicinity of the gorge.

Myra did not see any of her guests when she left the house to keep her appointment; there was no sign of life anywhere but in the kitchen, where Tanner, the houseman, was helping his wife with the dishes. The woods between the house and the gorge were very dim, and she was forced to walk slowly, although she was already a little late. But when she reached the top of the narrow, rustic staircase leading down into the ravine, it seemed that Colin was even later. He was not in the summerhouse, on the bridge which crossed the turbulent little river running due west to the lake, nor on the rough path that wound its way up the sloping jumble of rocks on the far side of the gorge, where the cottage was completely hidden by the woods. She glanced toward the noisy cascade at the eastern end of the ravine, thinking he might have decided to fish for a while, but he was not there either. It wasn't like him to be unpunctual, but no doubt he'd got too engrossed in his book to notice the time.

She started down the high narrow steps at her usual brisk pace, and then stopped, hearing a sound as of loose rocks sliding about at the bottom of the gorge, just behind the stairs. Curious, she half turned to glance down and backward, her hand involuntarily grasping the rail.

As she did so, she moved down to the step below. It snapped beneath her like brittle ice. Feeling herself pitch backward, she just managed to retain her grip on the rail.

For a minute or two she stood on the step below the broken one, with her eyes closed, while the stairs seemed to sway giddily beneath her. When she had recovered her balance, she went down very carefully, holding onto the rail.

She had just reached the bottom when she heard foot-

steps coming along the path toward her. Turning, she saw that it was Colin. Shaken though she was, she noticed the way his fair hair glinted in the reddish sunlight, and the easy swing of his broad-shouldered, long-legged body as he came negligently toward her with a smile in his bright blue eyes.

"Hello," he said cheerfully. "I was late, but you were later, so I thought I'd come and meet you." He had come up to her by this time, and his face suddenly changed. "What's the matter, darling?" he asked, staring at her.

With an effort she managed a smile. "I had a nasty spill on the stairs just now, and it's made me feel--wobbly."

"You'd better take it easy, then." Gently, he took her by the arm and made her sit down on the second step from the bottom. Sitting beside her, he said with mock severity, "I've told you time and again you should treat those stairs more respectfully. They're much too steep for you to skip down them the way you do."

"But I didn't stumble or slip, or anything like that. One of the steps snapped right under me."

"What?" he exclaimed, frowning.

Quickly, she explained what had happened. "It was looking back over the rail to see what was moving among

the trees that saved me," she concluded. "If I'd just gone straight down I would have pitched head first onto the rocks."

Catching his breath sharply, he turned his head aside. They were both silent for a moment, and she reflected that it was worth having a fall to see the patently genuine look of perturbation on his fair, handsome face when he turned toward her again. Smiling faintly, she said, "Don't be so upset, Colin. I'm all right."

"How can I help being upset? You could easily have been killed, couldn't you? What I'd like to know is why that step broke. Tanner's supposed to sound them all regularly, isn't he?"

"Yes--and he does, too. He's very conscientious about it, always. That's what seems so strange."

Colin said grimly, "Well, he slipped up the last time, that's for sure. Anyway, he'll have to put a new step in right away, so we'd better get over to the house and tell him about it."

As on the previous evening, Myra was the last to go upstairs that night. For some time after Colin had gone back to the cottage, she sat alone in the living room, trying to read, but aware all the time of a vague uneasiness at the back of her mind. If only she



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could formulate the cause of that uneasiness into a definite idea! But she couldn't, somehow; she only knew it had been with her ever since the moment when Colin had told her guests about her fall on the stairs, and about the lucky fluke which had saved her . . .

Tanner came to the living room door and looked in at her, short and chubby and very dapper in his dark trousers and white coat. His round face was unwontedly grave as he said deferentially, "Pardon me, madam, but could you spare me a moment, please?"

"Certainly, Tanner. Come in. Is there anything wrong?"

"Well, madam, it's about that there broken step. When I put the new one in, I examined the old one, most careful, being puzzled about it, like. As you know, madam, I made sure that staircase was safe when we first came up to Windhaven in June. I replaced four of the bottom steps, because they seemed shaky, and I'll take my oath the others was all as sound as a bell." He paused impressively, and resumed, "To-night, madam, I found that the broken step was rotten right through; but even at that, I don't see how your weight could have snapped it like that, without it had been partly broken before you stepped on it. And it looks uncommonly like one of the old steps I took out in June. I remembered it clear enough when I saw it to-night, because of a funny-looking knothole in it."

Myra said uncertainly, "I don't think I understand exactly what you're driving at."

The houseman coughed deprecatingly. "No more do I, madam, really. It just

don't make sense, as you might say. Fair staggered, I was, when I saw how matters stood. So I nipped back to the woodshed, after I'd nailed the new step in place, and looked at the old ones I'd laid aside to chop up for kindling in the fall. Well, madam, there was only three of them, and there ought to have been four. It's the one with the knothole that's missing."

Pulling herself together, Myra said as casually as she could, "Yes, it seems a strange thing; but naturally there's some simple explanation. Don't worry about it, Tanner; I know you aren't in any way responsible for my accident."

When the houseman had left her, she went up to her bedroom. Deliberately she took off her dress, and then sat down at the dressing-table and picked up her hairbrush. Somewhere in the house a door closed with a faint slam; she couldn't tell which door it was, except that it was on this floor, and at the other side of the house. Whose? Well, what did it matter? Why was she sitting so still, clutching her hairbrush in a suddenly clammy hand, listening intently with her heart beating too fast?

She probably wouldn't have noticed the slamming door at all, if it weren't for the idea which had slowly been developing in her mind ever since she had heard Tanner's story, and which she could no longer dismiss as incredible.

She sat looking at her image in the glass, still gripping the hairbrush with cold fingers.

"Someone," she whispered softly, "is trying to kill me." +

*To be continued*

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DEVILLED EGGS

TOSSED GREENS

TOMATO JELLY MOLD

RASPBERRY TARTS

TEA OR COFFEE



**1.** Cut 11 hard-boiled eggs in lengthwise halves. Press yolks through a sieve. Blend with 1 tsp. Kraft Salad Mustard, 1 tsp. onion juice and 1/2 c. Miracle Whip. The delicate tang of Miracle Whip is just what devilled eggs need.



**2.** Season with salt, pepper, paprika. Refill egg whites, using a fork or forcing mixture through a pastry tube. It takes only a second, thanks to that satin texture of Miracle Whip and the creamy, smooth filling it makes.



**3.** Cover the center of a large round plate with leaf lettuce. Place devilled egg halves around the edge. Place a small bowl of Miracle Whip in the middle, surround it with devilled egg halves, and garnish with radish roses.



Paul Rockett—Panda



## HOW TO GIVE YOUR SON A SUMMER BRUSH CUT

1. When the price of men's haircuts in many Canadian cities reached \$1 and children's 65c, one hardware store sold 1,000 home-haircutting sets in a single day (clippers, scissors and comb, \$1.79). Chatelaine's expert says don't be afraid to cut too much off—particularly in this brush cut which will raise Ricky's prestige while lowering his temperature. You can do it all with scissors, but you'll find buying a pair with proper barber-style finger grips worth the money (\$1 to \$1.25). Grip the scissors with thumb and fourth finger, little finger resting on "hook" provided. Clippers cost \$1.35 to \$5 and up.



2. Start at back, work left to right. Lay clipper teeth level with scalp; clip faster than you push; follow head contour with minimum pressure. As you move up, pull scalp gently downward behind clippers.



3. To shape a clean line around ears, comb hair down first. Watch that ear. You need a long, wide comb with coarse and fine teeth; and if you like, a tapered comb for finishing (15c to \$1 each).



4. Secret of scissoring above clipper line is use of comb. Lay flat, close to head, teeth up. Hold scissors parallel and as comb moves up, sever protruding hair with a good clean cut. (turn page)



# June is Dairy Month!

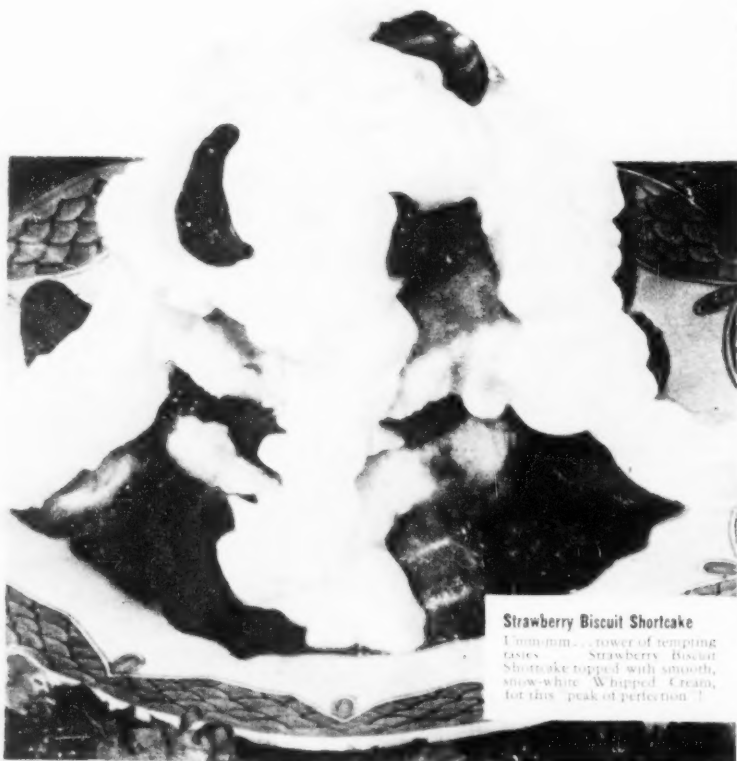


**Frozen Fruit Salad**

Appetite-appealing . . . frosty-cool, fruity, delicious treat made with Evaporated Milk . . . always your secret for smooth, mellow-rich, melting goodness.

## SERVE ICE CREAM MANY TEMPTING WAYS

Ice Cream is always a family favourite so why not serve it every day, a different way . . . topped with nuts, fruit or syrup . . . or as an exciting accompaniment to cake, pie, cookies. Write for our free illustrated booklet describing many new ways of serving Ice Cream.



**Strawberry Biscuit Shortcake**

Uncommon . . . tower of tempting tastes . . . Strawberry Biscuit Shortcake topped with smooth, snow-white Whipped Cream, for this "peak of perfection"!

*Festival of Good Eating*—that's your cue to serve more and more of Mother Nature's own fine foods . . . *Dairy Foods!* Cool, refreshing Milk, zesty Cheese, delicious Ice Cream—and plenty of Butter. Here are three grand desserts . . . delicious finales to your summer meals.

## EVAPORATED MILK—THE FOOD OF 1001 USES

So many recipes taste *extra* good when you use Evaporated Milk! Cakes, custards, puddings, cream soups, sauces, gravies, frostings—and a host of other dishes—have richer creaminess and finer flavour with Evaporated Milk! Use more Evaporated Milk in your cooking and baking. Write today for a free booklet of recipes.



**Ice Cream and Fruit Cocktail**

A dish of delight—a snowy peak crowned with gleaming jewels that tempt you to come on and enjoy smooth, cooling Ice Cream and fruit—with cookies.

## CREAM—AS YOU LIKE IT

Whipped or poured—Cream glorifies so many foods. For wonderful eating, add the "supreme touch" to your pies, cakes, puddings, salad dressing, cereals and fruit with the rich goodness of Cream. Use Cream often—and enjoy the added treat.

## DAIRY FOODS SERVICE BUREAU

409 Huron St.

Toronto



## BRUSH CUT

Continued from page 83



5. Starting brush cut, comb hair forward. Take front layer (not too thick) between first two fingers, cut hair showing above. Work back, section by section.



6. Shaping the crown, part each small hair section with comb, then grip between fingers and cut. Always keep fingers close to head, hold hair upward, not back.



7. Note how scissors and comb are held parallel, with little finger on scissors "hook" to give utmost control in doing fine work.



8. A few stragglers are polished off to give a professional finish you may not achieve at first, but you'll save 50¢ to 65¢ per son.



9. Ricky feels three degrees cooler already, offset by usual slight itchiness. One mother of six in high-price town "clips" her own brood for a saving of \$3.90 every three weeks, which goes for food.

# Sunbeam

RADIANT CONTROL

## TOASTER

*Automatic Beyond Belief!*



**NOW!** All you do is drop in the bread

Bread lowers itself automatically, which turns on current

When perfectly toasted, current turns off automatically

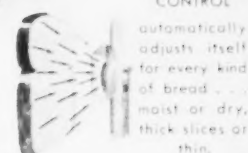
Toast raises itself silently, without popping or banging



**PERFECT TOAST—  
EVERY TIME**

*Makes no difference what  
kind of bread you use—  
you get the same uniform  
toasting every time.*

**RADIANT  
CONTROL**



*automatically  
adjusts itself  
for every kind  
of bread—  
moist or dry,  
thick slices or  
thin.*

It is actually *easier* and more effortless to *make* delicious toast with the new Sunbeam than it is to *tell* about it.

You merely drop in the bread—and forget it. There are no levers to push—because no levers are needed. The bread turns on the Sunbeam automatically.

The next thing you know, perfectly delicious toast rises silently from the Toaster. There is no hanging or popping. And *what* toast—every slice alike from the first to last, whether moist or dry, thick slices or thin. Always—the same golden, taste-tempting deliciousness. It can't miss.

Ask your electric appliance dealer to demonstrate the new Sunbeam Toaster for you.

Only the Sunbeam RADIANT CONTROL makes possible this amazing automatic performance. The heat radiated from the actual surface of the bread is focused on a sensitive strip of bimetal. When the bread reaches the scientifically correct temperature for perfect toasting, sufficient heat is absorbed by the thermostat to shut off the Toaster. Makes no difference what kind of bread you use—whether it's dry or moist—you get the same degree of uniform toasting every time. It's always the same, once you set it for the kind you like, regardless of line voltage.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED, 321 WESTON ROAD, TORONTO 9, CANADA



## Bringing Up Baby

Hints collected by  
*Mrs. Dan Gerber*  
(Mother of 5)



It's "shoo-fly" time again—and time for all good Daddies to make sure all screens are in good shape. Remember, flies are more than a nuisance—they're germ carriers. Be sure to keep baby's food away from flies. Keep dishes covered, and don't open containers till baby is ready to eat.

**A HUG 'N A KISS.** The way to guide a child who is not old enough to reason with is to ignore the actions you don't approve of, and to praise the ones that please you. A child just naturally wants to please his Mommy, and a hug and a kiss from you is the biggest incentive in the world.

Examples: Praise your baby when he eats well. When he doesn't, say nothing.

**HAPPIER MEALTIME HINTS.** Soon as baby is ready for spoon-fed foods you'll find Gerber's are such a help—right from the start. For Gerber's Cereals all have the smooth, smooth texture that feels good on tiny tongues. Later, the naturally good flavor and puree-like texture of Gerber's Fruits, Vegetables, Meat Soups and Desserts will make meal-times happier for baby and you. That's because experts, who make nothing but baby foods, prepare every spoonful of your baby's Gerber-good meals.

**WEIGHTY SUBJECT.** Safest way to buy clothes to fit your baby is to go by baby's weight, instead of his age. Make sure garments are shrink-proof, too.

**FRIEND IN NEED—AND DEED.** Next to yourself and Daddy, your Baby's best friend is the man with "the little black bag." Regular visits to the doctor for general check-ups and immunization shots go a long way toward safeguarding your baby's health.

**CHANGE OF PACE.** Small children don't need a raft of rattles and such to keep them amused. So try rotating baby's toys. Old things will seem fresh and new and he'll love his play-things over and over again.

**FREE, FOR BABY'S ROOM.** A 12-page calendar with a picture of the famous Gerber Baby, and space on the pages to write in information you'll want to keep handy for yourself or your baby's sitter. Just write to me at Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Dept. A6, Niagara Falls, Canada.

## CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., Director

### HOW TO COPE WITH SUMMER HOLIDAYS

A summer cottage is no doubt the best place for family holidays, but often this means more work for mother. Mother needs a holiday too, but often she forgets about herself and so does everyone else. While your family is young, you would be wise to take a senior high-school girl or a university student up to the cottage with you. Then you'll have at least a partial holiday yourself. Later on, when your youngsters are old enough to be of real assistance, the summer is a good time to teach them the rudiments of house-keeping, and increasing their allowances during the summer will encourage them to do their jobs well.

#### Holidays for Mother

Earlier this year an interesting article on "The Hygiene of Housework" was published by the Journal of the American Medical Women's Association. Women doctors from 15 different countries sent in answers to a long questionnaire. One of these questions concerned holidays for housewives. Three countries, Holland, Finland and New Zealand, reported that this problem was being investigated by various women's organizations. One country alone, Denmark, said that experiments were actually being made on "housewives' vacations." Canada and the United States reported little or no activity along this line—except for mothers living under very unfavorable conditions. The average Canadian mother would probably prefer to spend the summer with her family, but the advantage of a holiday for her sometime during the year is worth thinking about.

Can you get pasteurized milk delivered regularly and in good condition at your cottage? If you can't, you should plan to use either evaporated or dried milk, both of which are just as valuable nutritionally as pasteurized milk. Never take a chance by using raw or unpasteurized milk. Raw milk is never safe. Cow tuberculosis germs can cause a serious, even fatal, disease in children and the septic abortion germs give rise to undulant fever, which however is more common in adults. Besides several other infections may be spread by unpasteurized milk; some of these come from human sources.

When milk is pasteurized, evaporated or dried, these disease-producing germs are destroyed. Evaporated milk is often used for babies' formulas. If you are not sure of safe milk while you are away probably your physician would be glad to change your baby over to an evapo-

rated milk feeding. This should be done some time before you leave for your vacation so that he is well settled on the new formula before you move out of town.

You can buy either dried whole or dried skimmed milk—the latter is half the price or even less than the former. Skimmed milk contains no fat and no vitamin A, but otherwise it is just as good a food as whole milk. If your family eats reasonable amounts of margarine or butter (which are equally valuable), green and orange vegetables and eggs they will receive plenty of vitamin A. As for fat, we all obtain enough of it. So you can safely use all skimmed milk if you like (except for babies, whose formulas should be prescribed by a physician) or part skimmed and part whole milk. The cheapest way to buy dried milk is in 50 pound drums or cartons. Fifty pounds of skimmed milk powder make 200 quarts; 50 pounds of whole milk powder about 160 quarts. If you won't need that much milk you can buy it in 5 or 10 pound cans. When bought in large containers these milks are cheaper than fluid pasteurized milk. Even when you buy it in one pound packages, dried skimmed milk costs only 8 to 10 cents a quart.

#### Drinking Water

Lake or river water in inhabited areas is not safe to drink. Your baby should always be given boiled water no matter how pure the supply is. The easiest way to make water fit for the rest of the family to drink is to chlorinate it. Small, simple kits for this purpose can be bought from your provincial board of health. It just takes a few minutes to chlorinate a pail of water. If you are depending on a spring or well, you can have it tested by your provincial health laboratory. They will send you a bottle in which to put the water and directions for taking the sample. Until you receive their report, you should boil your drinking water. All these precautions sound rather formidable, but they are worth while because your summer will be ruined if your family gets sick.

Unless you are sure that your screens are in good shape you had better take along a few yards of mosquito netting. Flies are potentially dangerous, especially to a baby, and mosquito bites can make him irritable and uncomfortable. If you dab a little calamine lotion or a paste made of baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) and water on his bites, the itching will be considerably relieved. You would be wise to check up on the



It's Boil Proof! . . . It's Chill Proof!



Best for Baby . . . PYREX Nursing Bottles are non-roll, shaped to let baby hold on for himself.



Replacement guaranteed if broken by temperature shock within 2 years from date of purchase.

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M-11



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outside toilet soon after your arrival and stuff up any chinks or holes so that it is llyproof.

Thirty years ago many babies developed severe summer diarrhoea — the baby wards were often full of them. It is relatively rare now and this is partly due to the fact that modern mothers prepare their babies' feedings carefully. After his first few weeks baby should wear little clothing in the warm weather. On a hot day a sleeveless shirt and a diaper is enough; on a very hot day a diaper alone is best. Baby is in luck — he can really dress to suit the weather! On a hot night a nightgown, with his diaper pinned to it, is sufficient and until his late evening feeding he won't need any cover over him. After that feeding, though, you should pull a sheet

up over him as the air usually becomes cooler before morning and his wet diaper cools his lower regions.

If the downstairs is cooler than the upstairs, baby had better sleep in the coolest spot, even though the rest of the family has to spend the evening on the veranda or in the kitchen. Circulating air has a cooling effect because it makes the perspiration evaporate more quickly — so plenty of open windows or an electric fan will increase his comfort. Of course the fan should not blow directly on him. Sponge baths at intervals during the day make him feel better and a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in each quart of water will make prickly heat less likely.

Even though you've done all this to help him, he will perspire more than usual. Therefore he should be offered plain boiled water when he is awake between feedings. He will be most likely to take it one half to one hour before his feeding. Perhaps he will refuse it, but if he feels thirsty he'll take some. If we needed as much fluid, weight for weight, as a baby, we would drink some 25 pints a day!

Sometimes baby is not very hungry in hot weather, but don't urge him to take more than he wants. If he refuses a fair amount of his bottle, you would be wise to reduce the strength of his formula for the next few days. For example if he is being given 8 ounces of formula, put in six ounces instead and add two ounces of boiled water. He will not gain so well on this weaker feeding, but keeping him well is much more important.

#### Three Meals a Day

Older children need three good meals a day, both winter and summer. A sketchy breakfast is not enough for an active, healthy child. An orange, a first-class cereal with milk or an egg, plus toast, preferably whole-wheat, and milk to drink give him a good start for the day. Rolled oats incidentally is not "heating" and is a good cheap cereal. Candies, ice cream and soft drinks between meals should be discouraged as much as possible because they take the edge off the appetite and the sugar in them is not good for the teeth.

Summer sunshine is wonderful, but sunburn can make a baby or a small child really sick. Because so many of the ultraviolet rays, which are the burning and tanning ones, are reflected by water, the sunlight on a beach or on the water is especially intense. Even though your baby has had some sunbaths already, you had better sun him for only short periods on the first few days at the cottage. As the sun is so hot at midday, he should have his sunbath before 10 a.m. on warm days. If the weather is very hot, omit the sunbath entirely. He can have a bath of skyshine instead if you place his cot or carriage in the shade of the house, but exposed to as much sky as possible. The sky alone provides about half as much ultraviolet light as the direct sun and sky combined. Sunbaths are fine for runabout youngsters. Do they need to wear hats? If the weather is really hot, they should wear them for a few hours around noon. Otherwise they can go bareheaded, but of course until they become tanned, you will see that they don't get an overdose of sunshine. +

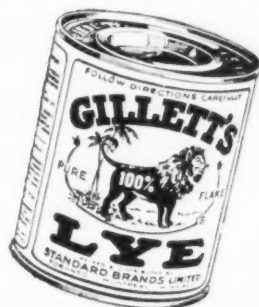
## Rinse Hair Off Legs In 5 Minutes

... without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!

Amazing improvement—is the new Neet with lanolin. Creamy, pleasantly scented, Neet works faster, better. You simply spread Neet on, rinse off in 5 minutes, then thrill to the super-smooth feel of your lovely hair-free legs... to their sleek as satin look. Neet removes hair closer to the follicle itself to avoid prickly razor-stubble. And just see—each time you use Neet—how long it keeps your skin hair-free! Get Neet Cream Hair Remover today at drug or cosmetic counters.



Say goodbye to that brush and bucket! Cleaning your toilet is a cinch with Gillett's. Pour in a little Gillett's and flush—that's all there is to it! Yes, quick as a flush stains disappear, the bowl is left fresh, clean and sanitary! Gillett's cuts through grease, lifts dirt off floors, clears blocked drains, helps ease your housework in dozens of different ways. Get Gillett's today!



GL-209

## Don't take chances with ATHLETE'S FOOT



### —it can be serious!

Guard against Athlete's Foot with Absorbine Jr. and the "Wet-Dry" method!

• Don't wait for red, burning toes to make you realize you have painful Athlete's Foot! At the first sign of a crack between the toes, start using the Absorbine Jr. "Wet-Dry" method. Its "wetting" action removes flakes of dead skin and stale perspiration products

and allows Absorbine Jr. to kill all the Athlete's Foot fungi it can reach. Its "drying" action helps heal the cracks.

During these hot months use Absorbine Jr. every day as a precaution. Wonderful, too, for non-poisonous insect bites, minor sunburn. Only \$1.25 a long-lasting bottle at all drug-stores. For free sample bottle, write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal.



America's No. 1 Relief for Athlete's Foot  
Also used by thousands for comforting relief from sore, aching muscles, neuralgic and rheumatic pain

## ABSORBINE JR.



### Here's Great News for Corn and Callus Sufferers!

New, wonderful Phenylum definitely removes corns and calluses faster and completely.

Phenylum, the new master ingredient in Blue Jay Corn Plasters, is the greatest scientific discovery in 70 years to end corns and calluses.



Years of scientific research discovered Phenylum; more years developed, tested and perfected it, until finally Bauer and Black were convinced that Phenylum is the quickest, surest medication to relieve the misery of corns and calluses.



• Actual tests were conducted with Phenylum and other regular corn medicaments, and it was proved conclusively that Phenylum goes to work 33% faster, works 35% more surely than other remedies and removes corns completely in 19 out of 20 cases.

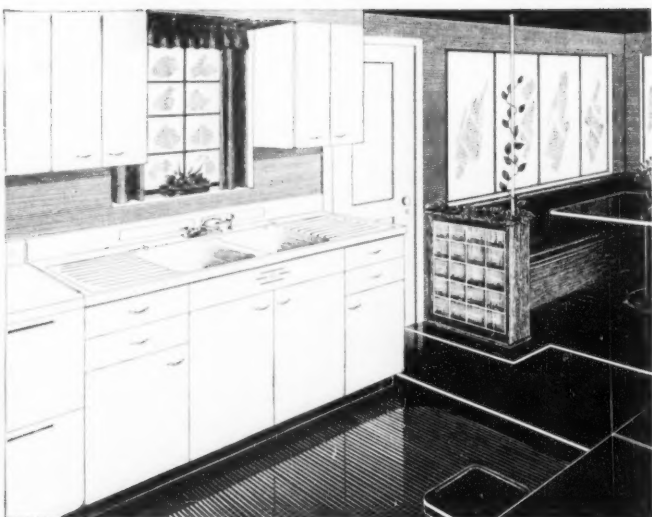
• Three out of four users of Phenylum on the tests said: "They're better than any treatment I've used before!" That's proof of Phenylum's sure, fast action.

• So if you are suffering from corns or calluses—get Blue Jay Phenylum Corn Plasters today — easy to apply — no fuss — no bother — just sure fire quick relief.

• AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS



(BAUER & BLACK)



### Feature for Feature, Foot by Foot . . . Your BIGGEST DOLLAR'S WORTH OF KITCHEN CONVENIENCE!

See for yourself . . . and you'll find there's nothing else that comes up to the handsome Shirley "Master." It's the only steel cabinet-sink 84" long . . . made only by Shirley and available only at your Shirley dealer's. It can be a complete kitchen center in itself . . . permitting important savings over the cost of a smaller cabinet-sink with base cabinets to occupy the same space. Yet it gives you the very latest in double-compartment sinks, with the biggest twin-bowls, the largest drainboards, and the most storage space ever produced in a single cabinet-sink unit!

Compare prices, foot-by-foot, and you'll discover the Shirley "Master" actually costs you less! And because it gives you so much more storage space



and working surface, the addition of just two Shirley Wall Cabinets may give you all the capacity you need!

Many types and sizes of Shirley Cabinet Sinks and Base and Wall Cabinets are available. You'll love their clean, stunning lines and gleaming white, easy-to-clean finish. Shirley units have that sturdy, solid feel . . . with quiet, easy-working doors and drawers. They're expertly engineered and built to last for years!

Write for Shirley Kitchen-Planning Booklet and the name of your Canadian distributor. You'll get lots of helpful, practical ideas! Send 10¢ in coin (no stamps, please) to cover handling.



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Handsome, steel Shirley Cabinet-Sinks offered in 5 lengths—24", 36", 48", and 60".



Shirley Steel Base and Wall Cabinets offered in variety of widths and types (for every need).

### MATCHING STEEL KITCHEN UNITS

fit any kitchen... a unit at a time... or all at once!



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A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

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**LAVORIS**  
MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

Daily rinsing removes debris, invigorates Mouth tissues, keeps breath sweet and clean.



AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS

IT TASTES GOOD.. IT'S GOOD TASTE



## ITH THE EDITORS

### MURDER WRITER FLEES TO MUSKOKA



Isabelle Hughes, whose three-part mystery thriller, *Murder in Muskoka*, begins on page 8, says she started writing at the age of 10. More recently she has published two novels, *Serpent's Tooth*, and *Time in Ambush*; and Collins will also publish her *Chatelaine* serial in September. If you want to ask author Hughes how the story turns out, you'll likely find her summering at Bala, Ont.—a place in Muskoka.

### CHATELAINE ARTIST CALLS FOR HELP



Artist Jack Bush tells us his illustration for "Hard Luck Guy" (page 16), the love story of a Canadian soldier home from Korea, is all his own work—except for the help of a Red Cross worker and the World War II vets who obligingly posed for these photos at Sunnybrook Hospital, and photographer Ken Bell who took them. Artist Bush then retired to his studio to do the illustration—like we said, all by himself.

### SALAD JUDGES NEAR BIG DECISION



Top winners in *Chatelaine's* \$1,000 Salad Contest, to be announced in August, are being chosen by final judges Laura Pepper, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, our own Marie Holmes and Gladys Dobson, Ryerson Institute, Toronto.





HELL-O!



HAVE YOU HEARD?

# Now Two Lipton Soups — Both Homemade-Good!



Glorious New  
**LIPTON TOMATO VEGETABLE**  
6 garden vegetables! Hearty  
tomato stock! Tender egg noodles!



If you hanker for vegetable soup that tastes as though it had simmered for hours on your own stove—as though the vegetables had been fresh-plucked from your own garden...

Lipton's new Tomato Vegetable is happy, happy news for you!

For here is the old-fashioned flavour you crave. Here's soup with a hearty, ripe-tomato stock—enriched with six savoury vegetables—made still more nourishing with oodles of tender egg noodles!

Yes, it's another wonderful Lipton Soup—just as homemade-good as Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup! Try Lipton Tomato Vegetable today—and taste for yourself!



and your Old Favorite  
**LIPTON CHICKEN NOODLE**  
Golden rich chicken broth! Savory  
parsley! Oodles of Lipton Noodles!



## BOTH SO EASY TO FIX

Just empty an envelope of Lipton Tomato Vegetable Soup—or Lipton Chicken Noodle—into boiling water. In minutes you have steaming bowls of oldtime goodness.

**AND YOU GET 50% MORE SOUP**—just one envelope of Lipton Soup Mix makes 50% more—yet costs less—than most canned soups. Each envelope serves 4 to 6—makes nearly a quart of delicious soup. Stock up today—and save!



# GET Lipton Soups



...for keeps

# Community

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

PATTERNS TO LIVE WITH . . . PATTERNS TO LOVE

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†Milady not illustrated



